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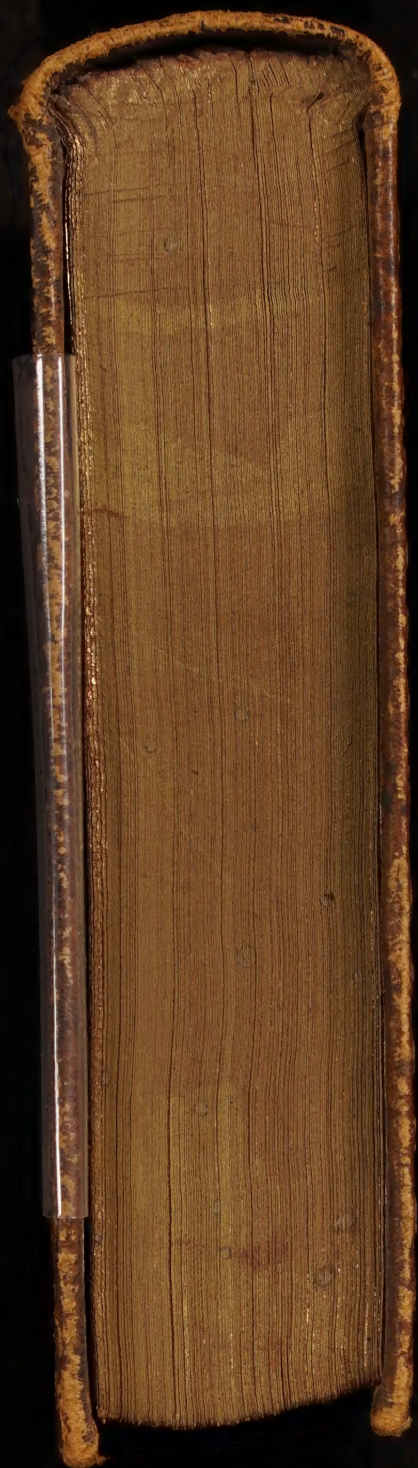
THE  
CAMEO

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London





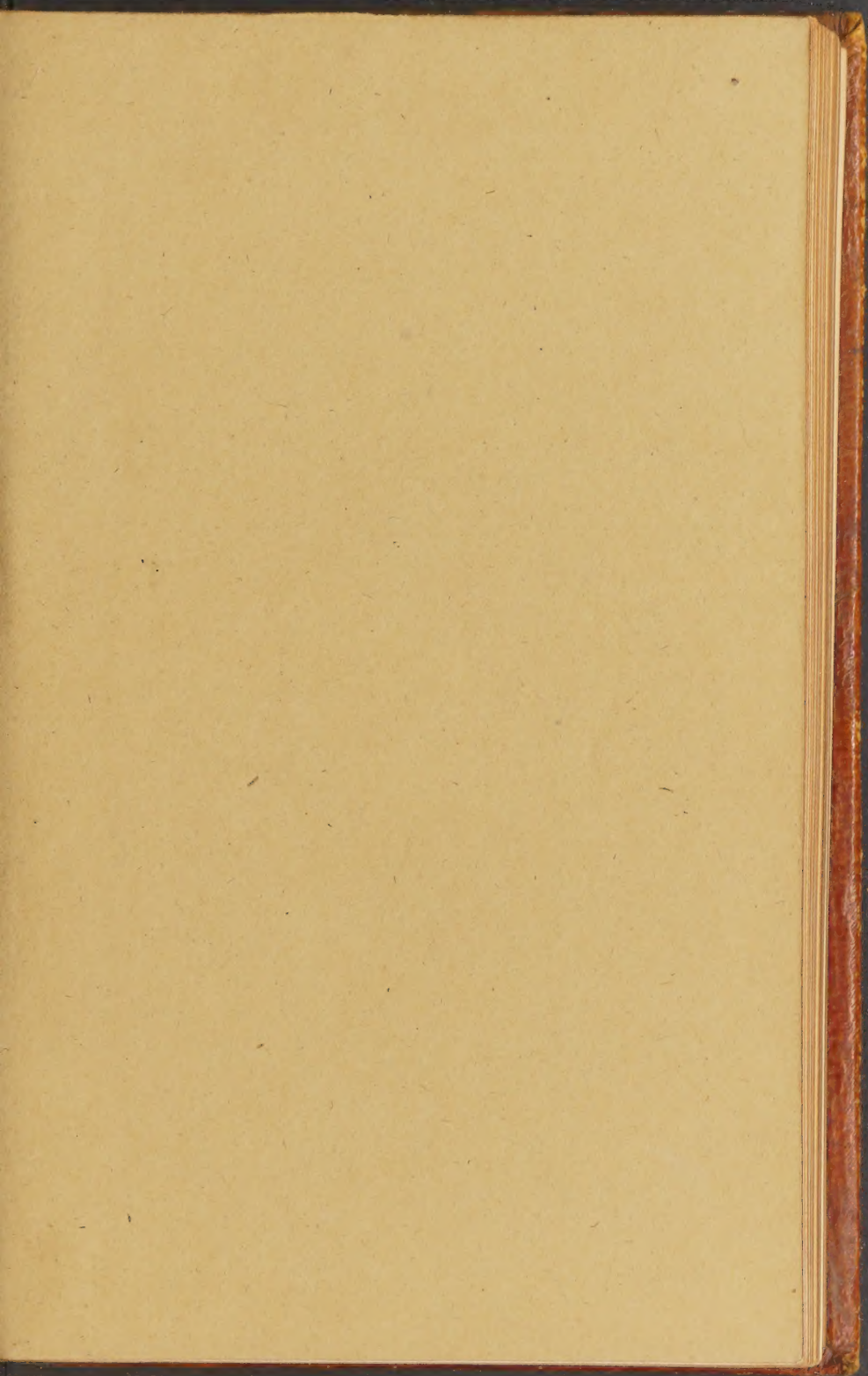




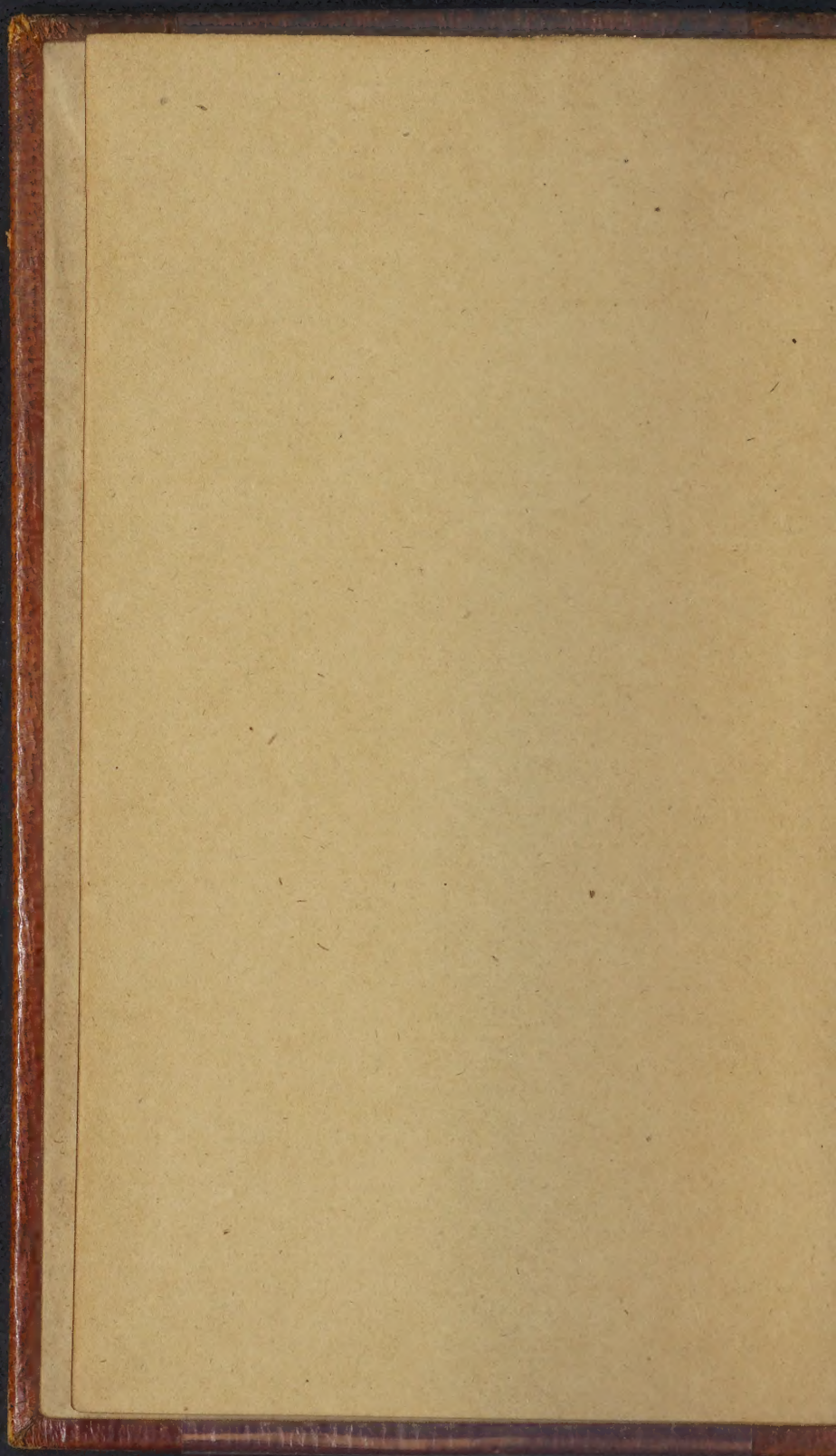




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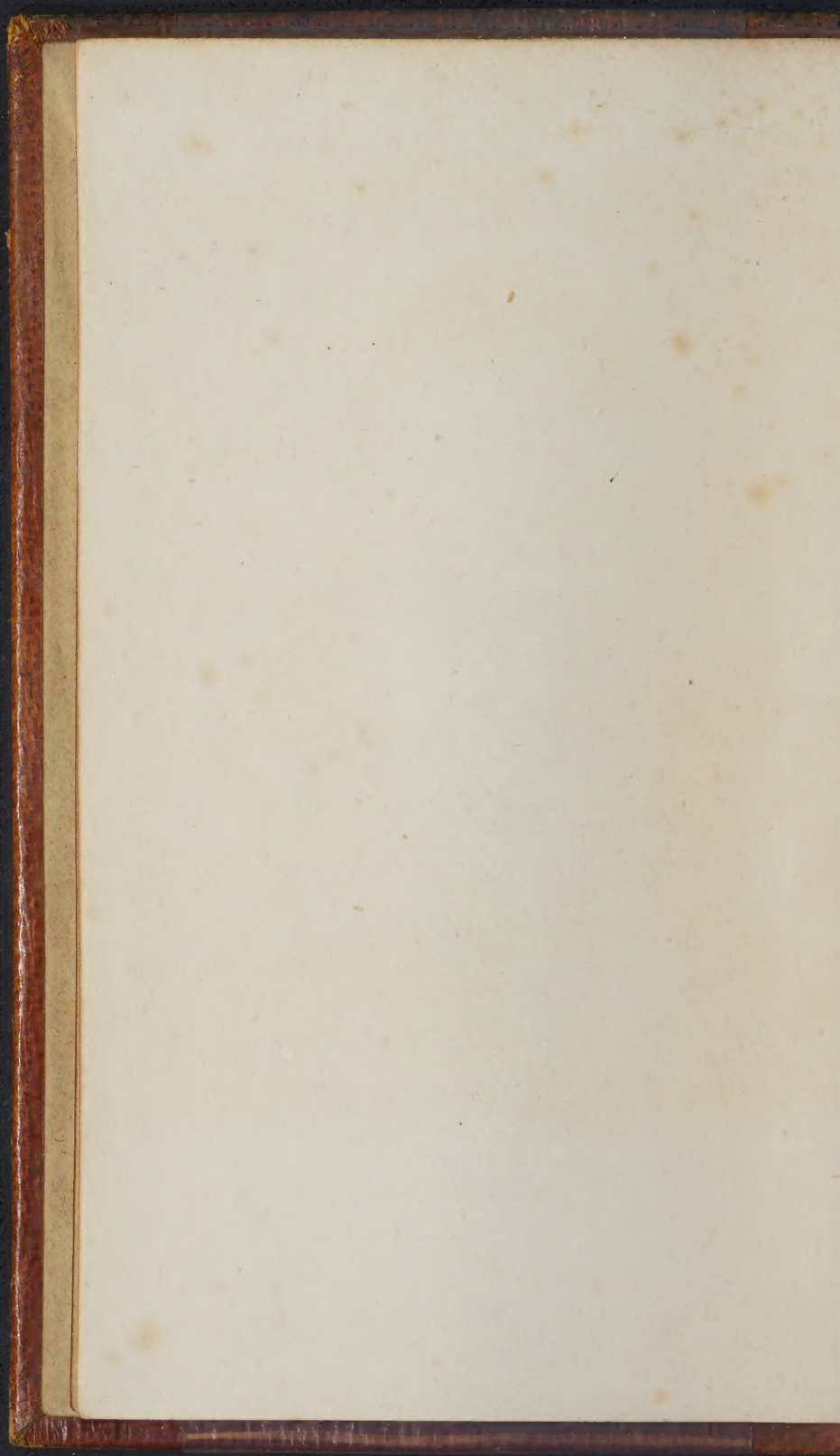


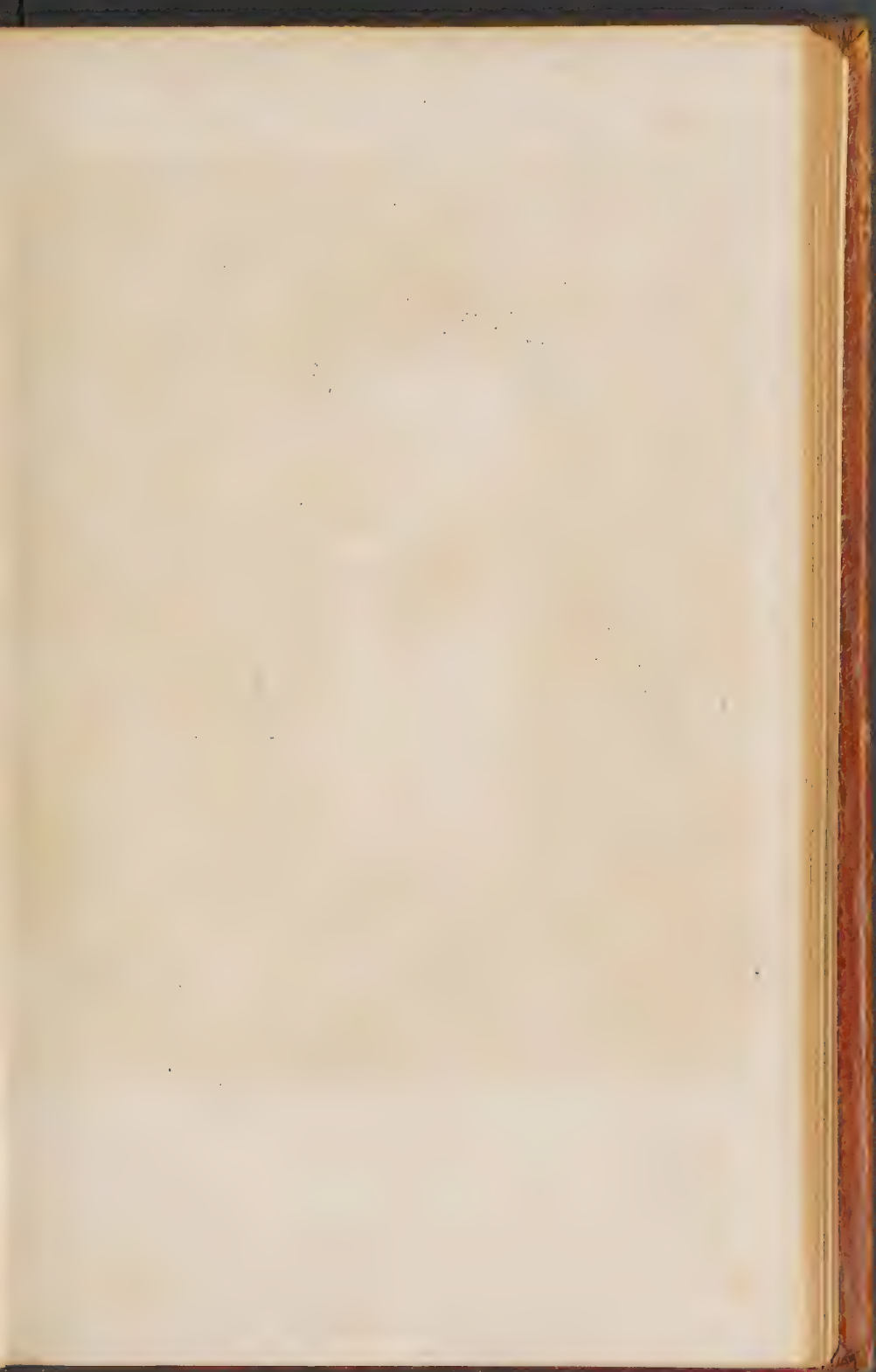




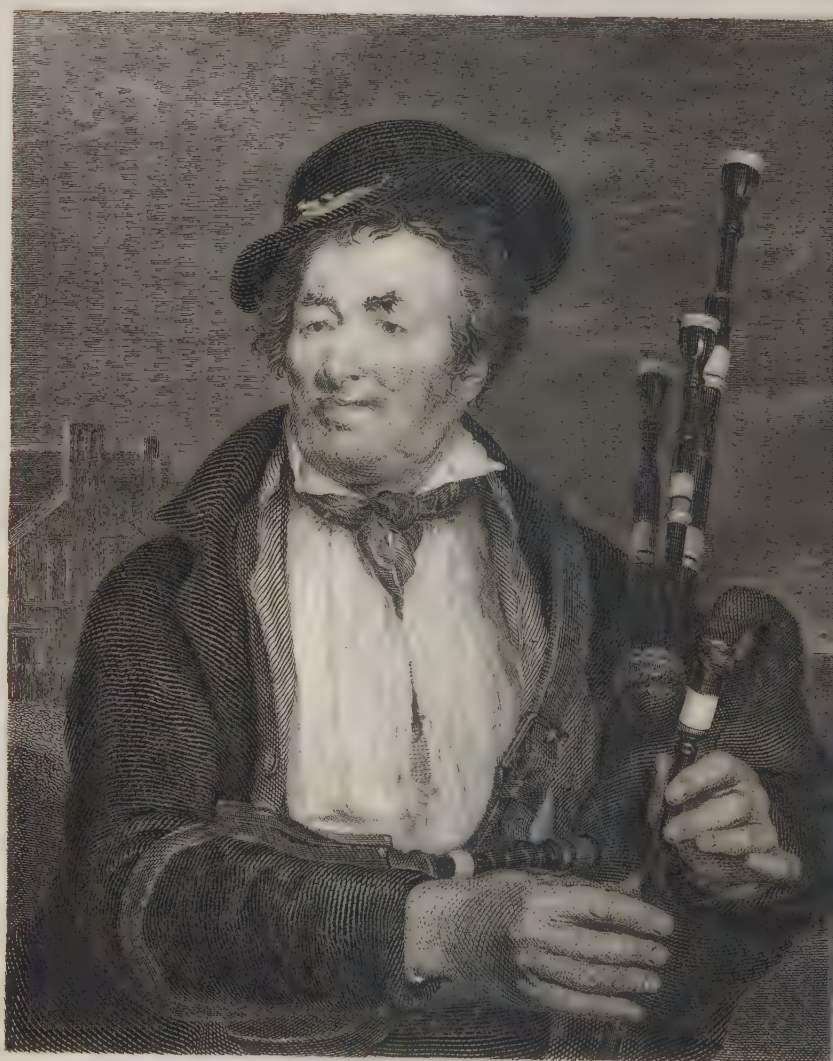












THE PIPER  
FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. RUSSELL  
BY J. H. RUSSELL  
LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. H. RUSSELL  
IN STATIONERS' COURT, LONDON.

THE CAMEO;  
A MELANGE OF LITERATURE  
AND THE ARTS.  
SELECTED FROM THE  
BIJOU.



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING.





LE FILS DE L'HOMME.

As once beside my gate I stood  
An aged man pass'd by,  
But age itself had fail'd to tame  
His bearing bold and high ;

His form erect no wound defaced,  
His cheek betray'd no scar,  
Yet there was something in his air  
Which spoke of fields of war.

Fatigued seem'd he ; and drops bedew'd  
His furrow'd brow and bare ;  
O ill do poverty and toil  
Fit age's silver hair !

My heart did to that old man warm,  
And kindly him I press'd  
To take the shelter of my roof,  
And taste of food and rest.



He bent, and bless'd me as I spake,  
In accent mild and low ;  
And I and that wayfaring man  
Did to my parlour go.

The sunny south had given him birth,  
And he had watch'd the flight  
Of the proud eagles of his land  
Through many a stormy fight.

From Monte Notte, where they soar'd,  
To the red field where they fell,  
Well pleased I listen'd to each tale,  
And pleased was he to tell ;

As thus we sate, and that old man  
Described each glorious day,  
It chanced the picture of a child  
Upon my table lay ;

A fair hair'd child, of aspect mild,  
A proud and noble brow—  
Say, thou true-hearted warrior old,  
Say, what hath moved thee now ?

That old man on the picture gazed,  
And o'er his face there pass'd  
Thoughts varying like the lights and shades  
By flickering sunlight cast.

LE FILS DE L'HOMME.

But mute was he and motionless  
As monumental stone,  
Till all unconsciously he spoke  
As he had been alone.

“ It is *His* son,—that mighty one !  
Ah me ! what sounds of joy  
When first to bless our eyes he brought  
His own Imperial boy !

It was a brilliant morn in June,  
And every sunbeam's glance  
Was brightly through that host thrown back  
From cuirass, sword, and lance.

That scene ! how warmly it returns  
Upon my heart and eye—  
The chief, as proudly then he glanced,  
And his pale consort by !

Within his arms the child he bore,  
And peacefully it slept ;  
It smiled, they said,—but this I know,  
Its glorious father wept.

And there was cause for tears, poor child,  
Had he the future known—  
Thee powerless, and without a friend,—  
Himself without a throne !



They said that in some desert place,  
Some rock abrupt and bare,  
Far off amid the silent sea  
They chain'd that eagle there ;

But could they chain his thoughts ? Oh, no !  
His thoughts they could not chain ;  
And dreams must oft have given him back  
His blessed child again.

Its living face he might not see.  
Oh, could he but have view'd  
A picture such as this, to cheer  
His childless solitude !

It might not be. He should have died  
While victory fill'd his ear,  
And France and Glory would have wept  
Above their hero's bier.

Yet there was storm on land and sea,  
And darkness in the sky,  
And at the tempest's voice once more  
Gleam'd forth his closing eye ;

He thought him of the roar of fight,  
As the sea howl'd to the blast,  
And mingling darkly with the strife,  
His stormy spirit past !"

The old man paused ; then turn'd and said,  
As mournfully he smiled,—  
“ One little boon is all I ask—  
Let me but kiss his child.”

Lowly he bent and sadly thought  
Of glory's vanish'd years ;  
And as he kiss'd the child he wept,  
And scarce I kept from tears.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

“ You offer alms, no alms I'll take,  
Though I am poor and old ;  
The lip that thus has press'd a king  
Shall never sue for gold.

Take thanks, kind stranger, thanks,” he said,  
“ For now I wander on ;  
My prayers—alas, my arm is fail'd—  
Shall bless the hero's son !”

He left me. I was sad to see  
That proud old man depart.  
“ Farewell, Napoleon's soldier true !  
Farewell, thou loyal heart !”

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED ON A DAY IN FEBRUARY.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair,  
The bees are stirring, birds are on the wing—  
And WINTER slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring !  
And I the while the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.  
Yet well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,  
Have traced the forest whence streams of nectar flow.  
Bloom, O ye Amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !  
With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll :  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?  
WORK WITHOUT HOPE draws nectar in a sieve,  
And HOPE without an OBJECT cannot live.



## THE LOVER'S INVOCATION.

IMITATED FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH POEM.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Come, night, and spread thy shadowy veil  
Across the still too glorious sky !  
Come, night, dark, silent, misty, pale,  
As best befits a lover's sigh !  
Suspend the course of yonder rill  
That murmurs o'er the mossy ground ;  
My Julia comes—be still ! be still !  
For love will fly the lightest sound.

Come, night, and wrap in heaviest sleep  
The guardian harsh who caused me woe,  
His senses in sweet visions steep,  
And laughing lies around him throw !  
Oh ! be he cradled in such dreams  
As poets view with waking eyes !  
Prolong the soul enchanting themes,  
And charm the doubt that never dies !

Come, night, for see, across the green  
Hies with quick step the timid maid—  
Hush the soft breeze that lull'd the scene,  
And bid the silvery moonbeam fade !  
For she, that timorous maid, would start  
E'en at thy stars' mild lustre, night !  
List trembling to her beating heart,  
And fly the glowworm's emerald light.

## A DAY DREAM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

MY eyes make pictures when they are shut :

I see a fountain large and fair,

A willow and a ruined hut,

And thee, and me, and Mary there :

O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !

Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,

And that and summer will agree :

And lo ! where Mary leans her head,

Two dear names carved upon the tree !

And Mary's tears—they are not tears of sorrow,

Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day ; but now few, large, and bright

The stars are round the crescent moon ;

And now it is a dark, warm night,

The balmiest of the month of June !



A glowworm fall'n, and in the marge remounting  
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet  
fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest !  
O Asra ! dearly love I thee,  
This brooding warmth across my breast ;  
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me !  
Fount, tree, and shed are gone, I know not whither,  
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall  
By the still dancing fire-flames made ;  
And now they slumber moveless all !  
And now they melt to me deep shade !  
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee,  
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel  
thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—  
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !  
But let me check this tender lay,  
Which none may hear but she and thou,  
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,  
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women.

L I N E S.

AND can you think because that hope is dead,  
Because that now I know my fate forlorn,  
The memory may not feel a painful joy  
In viewing, though beyond a drear abyss,  
The scenes, the fabrics airy built which once,  
Hope yet alive, in goodly prospect gave.  
Far forward looks the mind, hope-led,  
And far, far back the memory guides,  
And thus a twofold joy it ofttimes gives ;  
Yet thus a twofold grief it oftener proves.  
Why then look back on that you fear with pain ?  
This bid them answer who have never felt  
Beyond what reason warrants ; but a heart  
Knows no such bounds—or knowing, feels  
That passion's troubled waves o'erleap  
The ideal barriers, and, though struggling, force  
Their wretched victim to a spot where he,  
A treacherous resting place, one moment finds,  
But then, as from a pleasing dream, up starts  
To the sad knowledge of abiding woe,  
And memory is, indeed, delusive Hope's  
Most fell destroyer ; for of all the path  
It tells the impossible, the fond but vain ;  
It well nigh gives it to the outstretch'd arms,  
And then, in mockery of its fancied joy,  
It shows the iron gate he ne'er may pass.

WRITTEN ON THE PONT DE CE (PONS  
CÆSARIS), NEAR ANGERS.

I LISTED the waves' flow, and wild winds' roar,  
There, on the bridge the Roman built to pour  
The stream of warfare o'er the frightened land :  
Therefore this frame, the type of slavery, spann'd  
The river's breadth from each to either strand :  
And Cæsar's glories freshen'd to my mind :—  
I left my life, and look'd and saw behind  
The chart, where History traces conquest's tide ;  
More ruthless was his track than all beside.  
I could not curse the man, but cursed the time,  
When frensied vice gave virtue's meed to crime.  
And I remember'd, how in days gone by  
His story fired my blood ; and a deep sigh  
Confess'd my care-worn spirits' alter'd tone.  
Tears dimm'd my eyes,—for there I stood alone.  
Has thy soul kindled, as thine eye has scann'd  
Rome's portraiture, in ruins' wreck more grand,  
Hallow'd to time by Piranesi's hand ?  
The halo of old majesty is thrown  
Round scenes, that woo the heart to woe ; each stone  
To holier glory by decay is grown.



Such hast thou seen and felt,—then dost thou know  
The fabric of old time, that moved me so.  
So stood that mass in ancient vastness rude,  
And yet will stand more years than it hath stood,  
If time and weather be its only foes ;  
Another force may quell it, but not those.  
Its huge dark shade reposed upon the stream,  
In quiet semblance, from the sun's last beam  
Retiring, as awhile with glittering play  
It woo'd or seem'd to woo those ruins grey,  
Mocking to scorn their dull and deep decay.  
No art e'er reach'd the power of that I saw ;—  
It courted not my gaze, yet fix'd my awe.  
And there were niches, fashion'd in old guise,  
Jutting their deep recesses cornerwise  
To meet the swelling stream ; 'twas there I stood  
Watching the “ molestation ” of the flood,  
In fixed and silent gaze ; it glided by  
With more of soul and spirit than mine eye.  
And yet hath History thrown around this spot  
Her holiest influence ; but I felt it not.  
And this thy early fancy's darling scene ;  
And here thou art, where Cæsar's self hath been ;  
That soul of might,—beneath whose meteor course  
All strength was wither'd, and whose rushing force  
Drew thy young spirit after its career,  
And hurl'd thy high ambition from its sphere.  
For he was one, whom nature made to show  
Their littleness to men ; they cringed below

His daring mastery, and gave their state  
To be a toy to him they most did hate.  
And proudly as this bridge frowns o'er the tide,  
So did that man "the narrow world bestride."  
So where each fain would rule, did all obey;  
And never did a kinglier soul bear sway,  
Or fire more pure breathe godliness through clay.  
Lo here the vast creation of his power!  
Can griefs ascendant rule o'er such an hour?  
Perhaps my sullen waywardness of thought  
Loved but the images herself had wrought;  
Pleased with the gladness of her proper tone,  
But pined o'er visions other than her own:—  
I know not wherefore, but my heart was stone.  
Sudden I roused me from my musing mood;  
My spirit cleared its mist, and there I stood  
Watching the front of those that passed me by;  
If aught of deeper lore I might descry  
In the mind's character, or inward eye:  
For I would know the story of this pile;  
And one I asked; he answered with a smile,  
"The bridge is free to all to come and go,  
It has been, and will be; what more wouldst know?"  
'Tis true I thought, but was not answer'd so.  
And when I would have ask'd him of the rest,  
"Our fathers built the bridge, their souls be blest!"  
I turn'd; I know not if in shame or spite;  
For well I knew that the old churl was right.

In the world's wisdom nought I question'd more ;  
For his words fool'd my fancy and my lore.  
But can it be—that stars once peerless height—  
Has times' horizon screen'd it from men's sight,  
Known to the poring sage, else lost in night ?  
I took a fragment of that mouldering pile,  
And flung it in the stream, and watch'd the while :  
Its circles' wide enlargement grew to nought ;  
For I remember'd what the poet thought,  
Such is the texture of which fame is wrought :  
A dream, from which men wake to sleep again,  
And dream some other visions all as vain,  
Chasing each other through the giddy brain.  
And whether, thus I communed with my heart,  
Hath wit or folly play'd the wiser part ?  
That man but slumbers on the tide of life ;  
He lives not with life's elements at strife,  
Gives not to range his haggard soul, and then  
To pine and sicken in its cage again,  
Scorning in pride the fellowship of men.  
The slow and even course of his dull day  
Lives but as towards death, and sinks away  
In signless guise. Is bliss of such as they ?  
And doth he wisely who bars Fancy's view,  
Nor joys nor sorrows in her varied hue,  
Wreckless of aught but reasons false or true ?  
If so, farewell ambition ! who would live  
For memory's meed, which none but fools will give ?



But I have follow'd knowledge as my bliss ;  
And is my wisdom weak or strong in this ?  
Or doth man's evil genius tempt the soul  
To learning's height, and show his gaze the whole  
Of time's vast empire, from that baseless throne,  
And bid him call that universe his own ;  
Then breaks the spell and leaves him low and lone ;  
Jeer'd by the very spirit he adored,  
A garnish'd house deserted of its lord,  
Where demons make their mocking of his hoard ?  
I would not have it so ; it likes me ill ;  
But use hath school'd me to that faith, and still  
My reason's force outweighs my feeble will.  
Such was the cloud that from my spirit's eye  
Shrouded the sight of things ; it passed me by ;  
And bade my soul do homage to its power,  
And curse the light it saw not in that hour.  
Base was the mood ; for thought is life to me ;  
A larger wealth than avarice e'er might see.  
It needed but its proper scourge and curse ;  
No sinner's conscience ever knew a worse :  
I cursed the truth, to me so sorely true ;  
I cursed my knowledge that so much I knew :  
And downward bent my gaze, and so withdrew.

EDWARD ROSS.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF SIR  
THOMAS LAWRENCE.

COLD is the hand by nature taught to trace  
The living forms of beauty and of grace :  
Fled is the genius, which could once inspire  
The glowing canvass with celestial fire ;  
Could bid the lifeless image stand or walk,  
And breathe, and look, and eloquently talk ;  
Beyond reality which beauty drew,  
And fancied grace, which nature never knew :  
Fled is he hence, in other worlds to find  
What here was only pictured in his mind :  
Lawrence is gone ; and who of earthly race  
With art like his shall fill the vacant space ?  
Who best shall imitate his virtues mild ?  
In varied talent strong ; in modesty a child.

P. H.

## THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

All good and guiltless as thou art,  
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,  
Griefs that along thy alter'd face  
Will breathe a more subduing grace,  
Than even those looks of joy that lie  
On the soft cheek of infancy.

WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee ?  
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free ?  
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild ?  
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child ?  
Yes : the light fall of thy bounding feet  
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat ;  
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,  
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness by antique song  
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng ;  
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,  
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim :



These are old words, that have made each grove  
A dreary haunt for romance and love ;  
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,  
A place for the gushing of Poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore  
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er ;  
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep  
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep ;  
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell  
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell ;  
And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriers shed,  
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

Oh ! happy child in thy fawn-like glee !  
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?  
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,  
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;  
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—  
What if to droop and to perish soon ?  
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou  
Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone  
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !  
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,  
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;

And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes  
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;  
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,  
Midst the hidden things of each human heart !

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?  
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !  
Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look  
With a reverent spirit through Nature's book ;  
By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
To track the paths of a love divine ;  
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear  
God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

## THE WINDS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

WANDERERS over earth and sea,  
Viewless Winds, a mystery are ye !  
Whence start ye first on your airy race ?  
Where at last is your resting place ?  
Now health and joy are on your breath,  
Now, blight and death.

Sometimes on your pinions swells  
The soften'd music of merry bells,  
As the bridal company wend their way  
From the church on the hill, in their best array ;  
Sometimes the reapers' choral song,  
The sheaves among :

Again, the funereal notes ye bear,  
That wail the death of the young and the fair ;  
Or the cannon's thunder from the plain  
Red with the blood of thousands slain ;  
Or the last loud shriek from the sinking bark,  
'Mid waters dark.

Now, sighing and whispering, ye gently rove,  
And lift the twinkling leaves of the grove ;  
Yet scarcely ruffle the linnet's wings  
On his own acacia bough where he swings ;  
While the thistle-down on the air is afloat,  
Like a fairy boat :

Now over the woodlands in anger ye fly,  
Whirling their foliage like dust to the sky ;  
The white-stemm'd birch by the roots ye uprear,  
And rend the willow's dishevell'd hair ;  
And the shiver'd oak to the earth ye fling,  
The forest king.

Oft in the summer's noontide hour,  
As ye plunder the fragrance of many a flower,  
I love to feel you, in wanton play,  
Ambrosial gales, o'er my forehead stray,  
As I turn the page of some favourite book,  
In shady nook :

And oft in the time of the frost and snow,  
Sitting by night in the hearth's red glow,  
I love to hear your boisterous din,  
As ye rattle the casement, and strive to get in ;  
And I laugh that your fury no entrance finds,  
Ye baffled Winds !



WRITTEN AT EVENING BY THE  
SEASIDE IN INDIA.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

How grateful breathes from yonder sea  
The freshening air when day is set !  
Methinks it wafts a sigh for me,  
A sigh from home of fond regret.

How welcome fades the roseate glow  
That in the west is lingering still,  
It tells me joyous light is now  
First dawning on my native hill.

And I shall too be present there  
When Night maintains her silent reign,  
Shall seem that blissful scene to share,  
And be myself in dreams again.

For here I feel as one alone,  
Though blithe companions round me dwell,  
Have *they* mine own dear kindred known,  
Or borne with me the last farewell ?—

But *we*, or slumbering, or awake,  
At fall of night, or rise of day,  
My parted friends ! shall both partake  
One mutual thought of far away.

And still Affection's power shall speak  
Her soft salute from clime to clime ;  
Her gentle chord can never break,  
While hearts as ours so truly chime.

## THE APE.

MEN call an Ape a trivial beast,  
Capricious, light, and vain ;  
But I would let them have their thought  
To have my Ape again.

To love an Ape it may be said  
Is no great signs of grace,  
But I have loved a flouting Ape,  
And doted on its face.

I've known the magic of fair eyes  
In smiles or else in glance,  
And felt the power that in them lies  
To make the spirits dance.

But I would give a hundred smiles  
Of those that fairest be  
For one look of my staring Ape,  
That wont to stare at me.

This darling Ape it had a face  
So changeable and wild,  
Sometimes it was a staring Ape,  
Sometimes a beauteous child.

A negro flat, a Pagan squat,  
Cast in a Chinese mould ;  
And then it was a cherub's face,  
With looks of beamy gold.

But time, that meddling, meddling still,  
And always changing things,  
And what's already at the best  
To alteration brings :

That turns the sweetest buds to flowers.  
And chops and changes toys,  
That breaks up dreams, and parts old friends,  
And still commutes our joys,

Has changed away my Ape at last,  
And in its place convey'd,  
Thinking therewith to cheat my eyes,  
A fresh and blooming maid.

And fair she is to sight, and fair  
These eyes, these glances mild,  
Still I regret my playful Ape,  
So changeable and wild.

Whilst a lost being I pursue,  
That lurks in a new shape,  
My playful darling still I view,  
In fairer form my Ape.



## LINES

COMPOSED IN THE ENGLISH BURIAL GROUND AT  
OPORTO.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN, ESQ.

I WEAR a smile upon my lip,  
I teach my voice a careless tone,  
My cup of woe I lightly sip,  
Nor let its harsh contents be known.

I will not droop to worldly eyes  
As if my grief their pity craves,  
Though here I breathe my lonely sighs,  
Within this solemn field of graves.

For mine is woe that dwells apart,  
And human sympathy rejects ;  
Too sacred to the jealous heart  
To seek compassion's cold respects.

But when such shades as these I find,  
Where Nature fondly smiles on death,  
It checks the pulse and soothes the mind  
To humour Sorrow's plaintive breath.

Praised be the hand whose skill contrived  
To make a Golgotha so fair,  
While Nature at the fraud connived,  
And lent her robe for Death to wear.

Within this pensive place of trees,  
This green Elysium for the dead,  
If I might now my fancy please,  
I'd choose my own sepulchral bed.

I think my spirit less forlorn  
Would feel if it were certain now  
That, when my heart should cease to mourn,  
'Twould sleep beneath a greenwood bough.

Is this a fancy weak and vain ?  
Well, be it so, I own it mine :  
'Tis not, at least, a zeal insane  
On dust and ashes to refine,

Like that which, careful that the worm  
Should find no stranger's corse with ours,  
Obliges Luther's sons to form  
Apart, as here, funereal bowers.

Oh, could I think as bigots think,  
Whose zeal forgets that God is just,  
That e'en the lifeless clay must shrink  
From contact with sectarian dust ;

And could I think that by a creed  
Unsound the good were lost to Heaven ;  
Then would my anguish far exceed  
All pangs that e'er my breast have riven.

For where were then the hope of hearts,  
The sole support of bleeding love,  
That friends on earth whom sorrow parts  
May meet in tranquil realms above ?

## VERSES.

BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE following verses are written in the margin of different pages of an illuminated Missal, now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, in Mary Queen of Scotland's own hand.

The first appear to allude to one of the illuminations,

Comme autres fois la renommée  
Ne vole plus par l'univers  
Isy borne son cours divers  
La chose d'elle plus aimée.

MARIE R.

---

The following most likely occur under the representation of an angel:

Celle que d'honneur sait combler  
Chacun du bruit de sa louange  
Ne peut moins qu' à soi ressembler  
En effet n'estant que un bel ange.



Apparently alluding to the sun,

Les heures, ie guide et le iour  
Par l'ordre exacte de ma carrière  
Quittant mon triste séiour  
Pour isy croistre ma lumière.

---

Un cœur que l'outrage martire  
Par un mépris ou d'un refus,  
A le pouvoir de faire dire  
Je ne suis plus ce que je fus.

MARIE.

---

Si nos penses sont eslevés  
Ne l'estimes pas chose étrange,  
Ils méritent estre aprouvés  
Ayant pour obiet un bel ange.

---

Pour récompense et pour salaire  
De mon amour et de ma foie,  
Rendez m'en ange tutélaire,  
Autant comme ie vous en doye.

Perhaps under a painting of the crucifixion,

En feinte mes amis changent leur bienveillance  
Tout le bien qu'ils me font, est desirer ma mort ;  
Et comme si mourant i'estois en défaillance  
Dessus mes vestemens ils ons ieté le sort.

---

Alluding to her arms,

Il n'appartient porter ces armes  
Qu' à ceux qui d'un cœur indonté  
Comme nous n'ont peur des allarmes  
Du temps puissant mais sans bonté.

---

Bien plus utile est l'heure que non pas la fortune  
Puisquelle change autant qu'elle est oportune.

---

La vieillesse est un mal qui ne se peut guérir,  
Et la ieunesse un bien que pas un ne ménage ;  
Qui fait qu'aussitôt né l'homme est près du mourir,  
Et qui l'on croit heureux travaille d'avantage.

Qui jamais d'avantage eust contraire le sort  
Si la vie m'est moins utile que la mort,  
Et plus tost que changer de mes maux l'aventure  
Chacun change pour moi d'humeur et de nature.

MARIE R.

LINES, THE FEAST OF LIFE.

I BID thee to my mystic Feast,  
Each one thou lovest is gather'd there ;  
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,  
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear ;  
The board with faded flowers is spread ;  
Shadows of beauty flit around,  
But beauty from which bloom has fled ;

And music echoes from the walls,  
But music with a dirge-like sound ;  
And pale and silent are the guests,  
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,  
And drink to human hopes and fears ;  
'Tis from their native element  
The cup is fill'd—it is of tears.

What ! turnest thou with averted brow ?  
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine ;  
And askest for a purple robe,  
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain the veil has left thine eyes,  
Or such these would have seem'd to thee ;  
Before thee is the Feast of Life,  
But life in its reality !

L. E. L.

## L I F E.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

“ WHAT is the gift of life ?”

Speak thou, in young existence revelling ;  
To thee it is a glorious, godlike thing ;  
Love, Hope, and Fancy lead the joyous way,  
Ambition kindles up her living ray.  
There is a path of light mark'd out for thee,  
A thornless path, and there thy way shall be :  
A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall,  
But thou shalt live, and look beyond them all :  
Yes, Life indeed may seem a joyous thing.

“ What is the gift of Life”

To thee, subdued and taught by wisdom's voice,  
Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice ?  
Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,  
Who has no fountain to supply the waste ;  
Whose spirit, like some traveller gazing round  
On broken columns in the desert ground,  
Sees but sad traces on a lonely scene  
Of what Life was, and what it might have been :  
Oh ! is not Life a sad and solemn thing ?





Augustus Fox. sc.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH CHARLES.

DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

*Son of Napoleon Bonaparte*

*Drawn in Vienna by the late  
J. J. Thomas Turner sc. del.*

*Engraved by Augustus Fox sc.*



“ What is the gift of Life”

To him who reads with Heaven-instructed eye ?  
'Tis the first dawning of eternity ;  
The future Heaven just breaking on the sight ;  
The glimmering of a still increasing light ;  
Its cheering scenes foretastes of heavenly joy,  
Its storms and tempests sent to purify :

Oh ! is not Life a bright inspiring thing ?

“ What is the gift of Life”

To him whose soul through this tempestuous road  
Hath past, and found its Home, its Heaven, its God ?  
Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,  
And years, as boundless, rolling o'er his head ;  
No cloud to darken the celestial light ;  
No sin to sully, and no grief to blight :

Is not that better life a glorious thing ?

## THE STRANGER PATRON.

BY WILLIAM J. THOMS.

"This is no mortal business."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE setting sun tinted with his golden beams the bright vine leaves that clustered luxuriantly round the little window of the studio in which Giulio Arnolfo, the ablest sculptor in Florence, studied and practised those principles of art by means of which he hoped to gain, at last, that far distant and uncertain reward of genius—the admiration of posterity; and the valley by which Florence is surrounded, lighted by his gorgeous splendour, presented a scene so perfectly beautiful and picturesque, that it had succeeded in withdrawing for a time Giulio's attention from the model which he was then about to finish, and his thoughts from that dearer object on which they were more frequently employed—his beloved Berta.

While he gazed with the passionate intensity of an artist on the surrounding landscape glowing in the brilliancy of departing day, and on the distant hills, whose various heights and situations contributed, by the diversity of their colours, to complete the beauty of a scene calculated to inspire deep feelings of poetry



and devotion, the hum of the busy city, the gentle murmur of the Arno meandering in its peaceful course, and the vesper chimes of the neighbouring churches and monasteries, plunged him into a deep and sorrowful reverie. He at length aroused himself. "It is indeed very beautiful, and yet I cannot gaze on it without sadness : something oppresses me, some undefinable feeling of sorrow mysteriously arises from this vast field of beauty to weigh down my naturally buoyant spirits. Strange, that the contemplation of such magnificence should at once delight the eye by its brightness, and plunge the soul into despondency by the dark and hidden fancies which it gives rise to ! But a truce to such folly ; I must to Berta ; if she miss her walk, I shall return ungladdened by her smiles and thanks, which outvalue all the fine feelings in Italy." So saying he was about to leave the apartment, when the door opened, and he was prevented by the entrance of a stranger.

He was a man of noble appearance, who, by the dignity and refinement of his manners, more than by his commanding figure and richness of apparel, impressed upon his beholders the conviction of his superior rank. Though somewhat past the prime of life, his step had not lost its elasticity, nor was the original vigour of his frame diminished ; and his countenance, which bespoke a calm and philosophic endurance of the ills of this world, possessed at the same time an

indescribable expression of power and benevolence, calculated to procure for him alternately fear and reverence. He was dressed in mourning, but the materials of his habit were of the most costly nature; and a diamond cross, which was suspended to a broad crimson riband round his neck, shone in mournful though brilliant contrast to his otherwise sombre costume. Giulio, who at first imagined the interruption might have proceeded from the arrival of one of the many idlers who frequented the studii of the artist, apparently less for the purpose of purchasing than of retarding their productions, was about to protest against being detained, when he was arrested by the superior demeanour of his visitor, whose appearance seemed to promise the only recompense which could be made for delaying his visit to Berta—the probability of his becoming a patron, and one of rank and affluence.

The Stranger commenced the conversation: “Signor Arnolfo, though hitherto personally unknown to me, I am acquainted with you through your productions, more especially one which has established your claim to the character of an enlightened and accomplished artist.” Arnolfo bowed—“I mean the Wounded Cupid in the collection of the Palazzo——. Impressed with admiration of your abilities, I have selected you as the artist by whom a sepulchral group, solemn in its design, and sad in its import,

must be executed." "Must be—there is little need of must be when both fame and gold are to be had for the trial," responded Arnolfo to himself; but his visitor proceeded. "The design is that of a youth mourning over the dead body of his betrothed—the figures are to be the size of life; the price five thousand crowns, and the time of completion this day twelvemonth. Any alterations you may suggest, except as regards that point, I am not only willing but anxious to receive, but upon that I am determined—by this day next year the figures must be completed."

"Plague on his must be," again muttered Arnolfo: then addressing the Stranger, said, "Signor, proud as I am of the task which you have been pleased to assign to me, I am still more so from the consciousness of having obtained that distinction by the former exertion of my humble talents, and will endeavour to prove my sense of your kindness by the punctuality and zeal with which I will obey your behest." "I do not doubt it, Signor Arnolfo; but as I leave Florence immediately, and shall not return till the twelvemonth is expired, pray give me your ideas upon the interesting work which I have proposed to you." "Willingly; and the more so as I should prefer for a subject, should you concur with me, a lover watching his expiring mistress; for of two distressing ideas, an amiable and affectionate maiden

sunk in a placid sleep, the type and harbinger of death, eagerly and attentively watched by an afflicted lover, in whose countenance is painted the horrible conflicts of love, anguish, hope, and despair, is less heart-rending than to see the pallid corse of all of earthly that he ever loved gazed on by the chosen of her heart, with love for what it has been, and with horror at what it is. Cold unfeeling clay, a tenant for the noisome grave, and food for the worms of earth. I am perhaps, however, hazarding a conjecture on the arrangement of the group, which may not accord with the object to which it is intended to apply it when finished."—"Pray, Signor, what may that be?" "Time will show," replied the Stranger, "in the meanwhile let it be as you propose; there is but little difference between the glazed eye of the dying and the closed eye of the dead; yet, slight as it is, the here and the hereafter wait upon the change. I will now show you my idea of the positions into which I think the figures should be thrown:" so saying, he took up a crayon and hastily sketched upon the wall a rough but masterly outline of the design. The spirit which pervaded this trifling performance increased the astonishment which seized the youthful artist when he remarked, that though every line was correct and expressive of the action of the group, the heads of both figures were wanting. "I fear me, Signor," said Arnolfo, "that my work will fall far



short of what so great a master of the art would wish ; yet, spite of my fears, I must acknowledge myself greatly obliged for this specimen of your skill, and for the study which it will save me ; believe me, I do not mean to flatter you, but I feel that in embodying that idea I shall produce a masterpiece."

"Your commendation is flattering," replied the Stranger, "I had but intended to assist, not to dictate your management of the work." "Pardon me," continued Giulio, whose admiration and wonder increased as he contemplated the sketch, "pardon me, but I would fain know why one so talented has omitted the heads of the figures, surely you who have told the subjects by the headless trunks, have other reasons than fear of failure in the countenances for this omission." "Oh, there are many and good reasons for that, Signor Arnolfo, and perhaps none better than that I have improved upon the Grecian who veiled the face, whose passions he dared not attempt to paint, and so have left them entirely to the imagination of the spectator. But the evening is fast closing, are my terms such as you could wish?" Giulio, who was overwhelmed by his liberality, expressed himself in the warmest terms of gratitude, and promised that his wishes should be attended to in every respect. "Here then is thy reward, Signor Arnolfo ; but remember thy task must be finished by this day twelvemonth : Fare thee well !" so say-

ing, and having thrown a purse well filled with gold upon the table, the Stranger took his departure.

The astonished Giulio immediately returned to the examination of the drawing on the wall, the beauty and truth of which plunged him into an ecstasy of admiration and delight. The more he gazed the greater was the wonder which it produced in him, but when at the highest pitch of enthusiastic excitement he recollected the emphatic manner in which his new patron had insisted upon the design being completed by a certain time, his mysterious bearing, and the circumstance of his waving all explanation of the purpose for which the statue was intended, he felt considerable repugnance to the undertaking, and would, if his visitor had not left him, have been inclined to throw aside the golden opportunity which presented itself, and to decline the newly offered patronage despite the liberal reward attendant upon his exertions.

These circumstances contributed to allay the joy which he would otherwise have felt at the prospect of being shortly united to Berta, the possession of so large a sum removing the only obstacle to their union which existed ; and though the sight of the purse which remained untouched upon the table excited pleasing and brilliant hopes within his breast, the events of the evening appeared so mysterious and unintelligible, that on the consideration of them

he relapsed into the fit of melancholy from which he had scarcely roused himself at the entrance of his visitor, and which was renewed with increased force at his departure.

But Giulio's was a restless and vacillating spirit ; and by the time he had hastily cleared up his studio, arranged like a very lover his attire, and arrived at the dwelling of his Berta, he had shaken off the gloom which enveloped his mind, and was all light and air at the tidings he was about to communicate.

Glad and joyous that night was the meeting of Giulio and Berta, for it was the first in which, with any well founded hope, they had deliberated upon plans of future happiness. The more than womanly mildness of Berta was shown in the deep-felt silence and grateful tears by which she evinced her delight and satisfaction at the brilliant prospect which now opened before them ; while Giulio, ever enthusiastic and impetuous, revelled midst hastily formed schemes of future conduct and visionary ideas of never ending enjoyment.

Wild and incoherent were the fancies which floated before his heated imagination : now would he purchase a villa on the banks of the Arno, where the presence of his Berta should cheer and encourage him in his studies ; and now he determined not to quit Florence, but enjoy with her the society to

which he hoped his talents would introduce them ; and as he hastily and impetuously expressed his quickly changing thoughts, the flash of his eye, the rapidity of his utterance, the very tone of his voice were so peculiar and expressive, that they seemed the result of that unearthly joy which old crones and dotards pronounce to be the infallible and fatal token of a doomed man.

The hour of parting at length arrived, and though while at the side of Berta the youthful sculptor felt loath to say—good night ; yet the farewell once uttered, he was all impatience to retrace his steps, and ere he sought his couch to gaze once more on the drawing of his new patron. Though he viewed it with increased admiration, envy gradually found an entrance into his bosom, and whispered him that his reputation might be tarnished if it were known that instead of supporting the dignity of the artist, and exercising his own imagination, he had consented to become a copyist by adopting the ideas of another.

Actuated by these feelings, he was from that moment continually employed in designing and new modelling the subject ; yet though the thought of executing it in the manner which he had almost promised became daily more insupportable, it seemed as if for want of being satisfied with any production of his own, he should at last be compelled to do so.



His creative powers appeared suddenly to have abandoned him ; his ideas, which once crowded upon him, seemed to have fled at the moment when their presence was most needed ; and instead of, as they were wont, answering his beck in bright and airy throngs, they now rose slowly and laboriously before his exhausted fancy. Yes, in spite of the study and meditation which he had expended upon them, every fresh sketch seemed more faulty than its predecessor. This wanted expression, that wanted grace ; in one the figures were too stiff, in another they were unskilfully arranged ; in short, strive as he would, the original design remained unrivalled.

Months passed away in this manner, and the commission of his patron, hitherto uncommenced, now appeared less likely than ever to be completed ; for Berta, who had inherited from her mother a weak frame and delicate constitution, had latterly evinced alarming symptoms of a rapid consumption.

This circumstance was fatal to Giulio's studies ; he felt that he should not long possess her, and anxious to soothe her by his kindness, and alleviate her sufferings by his tenderness, he was unremitting in his attendance upon her, gratifying all her wishes, and anticipating all her wants.

It was at the close of a warm spring day that Berta, reclining on a couch, was left to the care of her afflicted and desponding Giulio ; a small lamp burn-

ing before an image of the Virgin shed a tremulous light over the apartment, and the cool gales of evening wafted through the veil-like curtains of the window, lulled her to that repose which her exhausted state required, but which had been denied to her by the oppressive heat of the day. While Giulio gazed on the pale and faded cheek which had but a few weeks before seemed to him the roundest and rosiest that ever gladdened the eye of an admirer, his heart sunk within him, when he reflected in how few and quickly fleeting hours the frail and beauteous form, in whom all his happiness was centred, would perish like its rivals, the sweet flowers of spring; and how that with her all his dreams of joy would pass away, and leave him to a waking as replete with woe as his visions had been with bliss.

By such agonizing thoughts as these was his mind distracted and his whole frame agitated. His bosom swelled with the extremity of his grief, and the tears started to his eyelids: still not one sigh had he power to breathe, not one tear could he shed to relieve his sufferings and alleviate his distress. Careworn and heartbroken with the attention of a nurse and the affection of a husband, he bent over his exhausted Berta, whose mind wandering in her sleep to the recollection of those bygone moments, when, made happy by the assurance of requited affection, their hearts were exchanged, and vows of eternal

constancy mutually plighted, she gained temporary strength from the excitement, and as she slept exclaimed, with all the energy of fondness, “ And will you *always* love me, Giulio ?”

What Giulio’s sensations were when he heard that overwhelming evidence of affection few can tell ; he felt as if at that moment the extremes of bliss and misery were centred in his breast : painful and terrible was the struggle which checked the involuntary expression of his feelings ; a faintness came over him ; stupor was rapidly overwhelming him ; but the tears poured down his rugged cheeks—he wept—and in the midst of sorrow was comforted that the rest of the sleeper remained undisturbed. But the hour of his trial was not yet passed away : his mind, already tortured beyond the ordinary limits of human endurance, was destined to undergo still further suffering on the rack of blighted affection. While he yet wept and remained immovable through the weight of his affliction, his eyes wandered unconsciously round the apartment, and when they reached the wall whereon the shadows of himself and Berta were reflected, he was filled with horror at perceiving that the dark outline presented a surprising and fearful resemblance to the design of the stranger. Great and terrible was the shock which it gave him, and the overpowering impression, that the hand of Providence had guided the mysterious events of

the last few months, rushed upon his mind and harrowed it.

Horrified at this awful indication of his approaching destiny, consciousness gradually forsook him, and after a few moments spent in a struggle for mastery over his feelings, he fell senseless to the floor ; and thus hastened the catastrophe which his distracted fancy had anticipated.

The noise of his fall, which brought her brother Giacomo and the nurse into the chamber, likewise awakened Berta, and the sudden alarm which it occasioned her brought on all the worse symptoms of her complaint to that degree that Giulio was necessarily left unheeded, while their attentions were directed to the assistance of Berta ; but in vain. She was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and the exertion proved fatal to her : her frame, already attenuated by the rapid progress of the disease, could offer no further resistance, and the rupture of a blood vessel placed her beyond the reach of mortal suffering.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence, and the powers of human nature. Giulio, whose grief had hitherto been most immoderate, and whose returning senses communicated to him fresh causes for indulging in it, bore without a tear this sudden bereavement ; and he who a few hours before felt assured that nothing could afford him consolation under such an event, was able almost immediately to comfort and



condole with her fond and unhappy brother. So true it is, that he who sendeth afflictions will enable us to bear up against them, and will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

It was a sad sight, when a band of maidens, clothed in their funeral robes of white, bore the lamented Berta to her grave; and as they scattered flowers upon the coffin many of the spectators wept, and said, "Alas! death has cropped the sweetest flower in Florence."

Giacomo, loud in his grief, and exhausted by his continual lamentations, was obliged to lean for support upon the arm of Giulio, who proceeded with an undaunted step and an undimmed eye to the grave in which they were about to lay the remains of his betrothed. Many marvelled when they saw his placid demeanour; but none believed it to result from indifference or want of feeling, and though they knew not the cause, they felt assured that a sufficient one existed.

At the close of this imposing ceremony Giulio returned to his studio, as if to banish all recollection of his misfortunes by the resumption of his long neglected pursuits, upon which he apparently entered with an increased enthusiasm, seldom quitting his retirement but when forced by the summons of a friend, and carefully excluding from it all his accustomed visitors. A settled and gloomy melancholy

appeared to possess him ; and as his friends saw from time to time how thin and emaciated he became, they regretted that he gave himself up to such incessant application. Early and late was he employed : the noonday passenger watched him as he passed, and the houseless wanderer was cheered by the rays of his midnight lamp.

This was, however, a course which could not long continue ; and it happened that Giacomo, who was an accomplished painter, wishing to consult him upon a point of art, was surprised by Giulio's not attending to the signal which he had given to such friends as he desired to hold communion with. The signal was twice or thrice repeated, and with as little effect as before ; Giacomo, alarmed at the circumstance, called loudly upon him to open the door. " Arnolfo, my dear friend, I wish to see you : pray answer me ; if you are too busy, tell me when you will be at leisure, and I will come again." Still he received no reply. Fearful of the cause of this continued silence, he applied his shoulder to the door, and succeeded in bursting it open. What was his astonishment, when he beheld Arnolfo, resting his head upon his hand, apparently asleep, before a splendid and newly finished monument ! He attempted to arouse the artist, but the icy coldness of his hand told to the terrified Giacomo that Giulio Arnolfo, the sculptor, slept in death.

At the foot of the monument, in which, though modelled after a drawing on the wall of the apartment, Giacomo speedily recognized the figures of his sister and Giulio, lay the open tablets of the latter, and in the first leaf was written :

“ To my dear Friend and Brother, Giacomo.

“ By the love I bore towards your sister, by the esteem I bear towards yourself, I implore you to comply with the last wishes of your dying friend. Let me be laid in the same grave with my beloved Berta, and place over us the tomb which, thanks to the blessed Virgin, I have lived to finish. As for the gold, the wages of death, expend it, I beseech you, in deeds of charity, and in masses for the souls of your ill fated sister and friend. Fear not that its return will ever be demanded from you, he from whom I had it was no dweller upon earth. Farewell ! as you would have my spirit rest in peace, obey my bidding. Farewell.

“ G. A.”

The doubts which Giacomo might otherwise have felt as to obeying the wishes of his friend were however removed the evening before his interment. A stranger, enveloped in a large travelling cloak, knocked loudly at the door, and inquired for Signor Arnolfo. Giacomo, irritated at the indecency of thus disturb-

ing the house of mourning, hastened out, with the intention of reprimanding the intruder, but was checked by finding, in answer to his questions, that he was the mysterious visitor whose commission had been attended with such fatal results. Giacomo accordingly explained to him the unfortunate circumstances which had attended his former visit, and begging that the tomb might be applied agreeably to the wishes of the artist, offered to return the purchase money to the stranger, who, seemingly shocked at the events which had taken place, declined receiving it, and expressed great anxiety that it might be disposed of as the deceased had specified ; then bidding Giacomo a kind, though hasty farewell, he took his departure, and was heard of no more.

This monument, which was long visited for the beauty of its design and execution, and the interesting history connected with it, is however no longer in existence. In the year 17—, when the church in which it was placed was fired by lightning, it shared the fate of many noble memorials of the affection and skill of former times, which were then mingled with the dust they were intended to perpetuate : and in these pages remains the only record of the Sculptor of Florence and The Stranger Patron.



## THE JOYS OF SLEEP.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

SLEEP, peerless wizard ! thou canst raise  
The loved ones death has torn away,  
Companions of my early days,  
    Now mouldering into clay :

At memory's call, in waking hours,  
Oft indistinct they meet my eyes ;  
But, at thy bidding, in my dreams,  
    How beautiful they rise !

O, then the freshness of the heart  
Falls o'er me like a gentle rain ;  
I feel, I feel the ecstasy  
    Of vanish'd youth again !

Beside our own romantic stream,  
Where pale green birches quivering play,  
With William and with Caroline  
    Again I seem to stray.

All glowing with the hues of youth,  
Again they come to charm my sight ;  
On the soft roses of their cheeks  
    The grave has left no blight :

Their arms are fondly link'd in mine,  
Their sparkling eyes are turn'd on me,  
Their voices mingle in mine ear,  
A thrilling melody !

O'er rocks we climb, through dells we rove,  
Where giant boughs their shadows fling,  
And gather many-colour'd flowers,  
The starry race of spring :

And seeking now the river's verge,  
Upon the mossy turf we lie,  
The birches waving o'er our heads,  
A rustling canopy ;

And pleased we mark those slender trees,  
When rudely by the breezes prest,  
Dip their long tresses in the stream,  
And break its crystal rest :

Near us the wild bee plies her task,  
Within the nodding foxglove's bell :  
How soothing is her fiery song's  
Oft interrupted swell !

But, sleep, thou fliest, and I awake  
To sorrow from a lovely dream ;  
And now but wintry winds I hear,  
And view but morn's white gleam.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD TO HIS  
MOTHER.

WEEP not, Mother, close the curtain,  
Gaze not on yon rocky shore ;  
Look upon me thus entreating ;  
Mother, Mother, weep no more.

Dry thy tears, and let thy smiling  
Beams of joy around us pour,  
Let thy lip resume its singing,  
And, dear Mother, weep no more.

Yet thou weepest : why sleeps my father,  
His was once the swiftest oar ;  
But he'll soon return, my Mother,  
And then thou wilt weep no more.

Weep not ! say'st thou, my poor Orphan—  
Look not out upon the main !  
I must weep—and gaze, yet weeping—  
I shall never smile again.

Sing! my Boy, 'twould make thee also  
Weep to hear the mournful strain;  
'Twould be like the storm-winds howling:  
I shall never sing again.

In the wild sea sleeps thy father,  
Raging waves his boat detain;  
Yes, he sleeps, but 'tis a slumber  
Whence he ne'er shall wake again!

M.



## ON NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH CORY.

NIGHT is the time, for roaming\*  
On the dark ocean's shore,  
To mark the billows foaming,  
And hear their constant roar.

Night is the time, for watching  
By the lone bed of death,  
And friends' last accents catching,  
Ere they resign their breath.

Night is the time, that's given  
To soothe the heavy breast,  
To fit the soul for heaven,  
And worlds of future rest.

Night is the time, for weeping  
On future days to come,  
On friends serenely sleeping,  
In silence, in the tomb.

\* Montgomery has a poem beginning "Night is the Time."

Night is the time, for gazing  
On glories then reveal'd,  
To mark the stars' bright blazing,  
In heaven's ample field.

Night is the time, for praying,  
When nought is heard or seen,  
Save the pale moonbeams playing  
On Nature's verdant green.

Night is the time, for dreaming  
Of our eternal home,  
And strange bright glories gleaming,  
From realms beyond the tomb.

Night is the time, for closing  
The weary eye in peace,  
Calm, in the grave reposing,  
Where all rude sorrows cease.

## STANZAS.

BY ELIZABETH CORY.

I SAW her, in the morn of life,  
When her young heart from vice was free,  
When not a thought of woe or strife  
Had check'd her native gaiety.  
'Twas then she roved 'mong Nature's bowers,  
The fairest of her earthly flowers.

I saw her, when her eye of blue  
Was softly dimm'd by pity's tear,  
Like a young floweret wet with dew,  
Ere morning bloom'd it did appear,  
Or like, on Adam's guilty head,  
Those tears the pitying angels shed.

I saw her, when affliction's dart  
Had pierced her soul with deep distress,  
When nought was left to cheer her heart  
Save its unsullied spotlessness.  
I saw her—and 'twas sweet to see  
How well she bore adversity.

I saw her, when she bow'd her head  
In meek submission to her lot ;  
Her earthly joys had wither'd,—fled,—  
She knew it,—but she murmur'd not ;  
And though her heart by grief was riven,  
Her last, best hope was fixed on Heaven.

I saw her last, when she had closed  
Her beaming eyes in dreamless sleep,  
So still—so calmly—she reposed,  
And left no friend behind to weep.  
No ! those she loved on earth had flown  
To realms where sorrow is unknown.



LINES ADDRESSED TO AN HEPATICA.

Go, modest flower, and with thy tinge compare  
The vermil cheeks of Isabel the Fair ;  
Go, imitate her blush, whose lovely grace  
With wanton beauty sports upon her face ;  
Or to her lips oppose thy blooming hue,  
And match their nectar with thy morning dew ;  
Thus pale shall Envy turn thy rosy glow,  
And bid thee emulate her bosom's snow :  
Yet these too shall defeat, thy blush restore,  
And leave thy floweret what it was before.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE,  
HEAD MASTER OF KING EDWARD'S FREE GRAMMAR  
SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S FATHER, IN 1752.

WHILE you, my friend, employ your age  
In Horace's or Virgil's page  
    (Bards venerably great),  
Or in melodious numbers tell  
How the lamented Daphne fell  
    An early prey to fate ;

By pensive contemplation drawn,  
I rove along the winding lawn,  
    Or tread the enamel'd green ;  
Unnumber'd objects throng my eyes,  
Lost in amazement and surprise,  
    I view the charming scene.

The daisied mead, the balmy breeze,  
The feather'd choir that on the trees  
    In vocal concert joins ;  
The mossy bank, the limpid stream,  
The towering forests all proclaim  
    Their architect divine !

Yet some, pursuing impious schemes,  
With wild and incoherent dreams,  
    Amuse their shallow brain ;  
They that a God exists deny,  
" All is the effect of chance " they cry,  
    How groundless, and how vain.

Say, Atheist, when yon orbs above  
In symmetry and silence move  
    Around the illumined ball :  
When peals of thunder rend the sky,  
When rains descend, and lightnings fly,  
    Is *chance* the cause of all ?

No, a superior power, a God,  
Hath fix'd in heaven his blest abode,  
    Whose being knows no end ;  
Through him the thunder rends the air,  
Through him the flashing lightnings glare,  
    Through him the rains descend.

Hail, great Creator, Lord of all,  
Beneath thy throne I prostrate fall,  
    Oh, deign to inspire my breast ;  
Oh, lead me through this maze of life,  
Through busy cares and factious strife,  
    To thy eternal rest.

Tenbury, Worcestershire,  
1752.



SONNET.

IN summer days, when summer skies shone bright,  
Love came to me with archly smiling mien,  
A butterfly his infant hands between ;  
“ And, oh !” he cried, “ survey this form so light,  
Its beauteous azure wings tipp’d o’er with white ;  
It beams of pleasure, gay and sweet, I ween,  
Is not like me this lovely being seen,  
Do we not both to ceaseless joys invite ?”  
“ True, true, fair Love !” I answer’d, “ and add this,  
In nought so much art thou resembling seen  
This emblem fair of immortality ;  
Than that when caught, like it, your beauties cease,  
Having, like it, assured too credulous men  
Of immortality, like it you die !”

S.

TO MY BROTHER.

OH, I will love thee ! when the glorious sun  
Doth gently sink behind yon western hill,  
When all the various works of man are done,  
And every living thing is hush'd and still.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the queen of night  
Riseth serenely from behind the trees,  
And poureth on the earth her silver light,  
And gently sporteth on the midnight breeze.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the vesper star  
Shineth so brightly through the woody dell,  
When nought doth see it here or from afar  
Save that sad lonely bird, sweet Philomel !

Oh, I will love thee ! when gray morning dawns  
In rich refulgence through the bosom'd grove,  
And the bright dewdrops glisten on the lawn,  
And tempt the humble labourer's feet to rove.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the howling blast  
Of sorrow's gale around thy head shall swell ;  
When from thy heart thy peaceful thoughts are cast,  
To thee I'll fondly whisper—All is well.

Oh, I will love thee ! in the day of grief,  
When all thy friends and all thy youth have fled,  
And with affection bring thy heart relief,  
And watch with gentle love around thy bed.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the balmy spring  
Shall clothe in beauty every shrub and tree ;  
Then all enchanting sights to me will bring  
A soft, consoling, hallow'd thought of thee.

Oh, I will love thee ! when my days of bliss,  
And all my halcyon dreams of youth are o'er,  
Till the fond, faithful heart, that dictates this,  
And every throbbing pulse shall beat no more.

Oh, I will love thee ! on my dying bed,  
And my last fervent prayer shall be for thee :  
Oh ! wilt thou, when I'm sleeping with the dead,  
Shed a fond tear upon my grave for me ?

ELIZABETH CORY.

## STANZAS

### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BORN but to die ! like some fair flower  
Ere it hath drunk the dewy gem,  
Just opening to the vernal shower,  
Torn rudely from its parent stem :  
Ere it hath shed its fragrance round,  
Cast, soil'd and withering, to the ground.

Was it for this the mother mild,  
Delighted, fondly loved to trace  
Each feature of her slumbering child,  
Each beauty of its infant face ;  
And from its cheek the tear to steal  
With rapture none but mothers feel ?

Was it for this, when sickness dread  
Dimm'd the mild lustre of its eye,  
She sadly watch'd its midnight bed ?  
Sought meaning in each senseless cry ?  
Observed each look with anxious care,  
Now dropp'd a tear, now breathed a prayer ?



Yet hadst thou lived, sweet Babe, to tread  
Life's rugged paths, its wilds forlorn,  
Thou'dst live to mourn hope's vision fled,  
And for the rosebud grasp'd the thorn :  
Thou'dst lived the thousand pangs to prove  
Of friendship frail, more fragile love.

But happier thou ! for thou art gone  
Where love and peace eternal dwell :  
To yon bright bless'd abode thou'rt borne,  
Whose joys no mortal tongue may tell !  
Pure to its God thy soul is given :  
Pure as it left its native heaven !

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALCOVE AT CAVERSHAM PARK.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

THOU who from worldly cares wouldst fain retreat,  
Seek this alcove, recline upon its seat,  
And gaze at leisure with enchanted eyes  
On the fair prospect that before thee lies ;  
So shall kind nature shed her choicest balm  
Thine every sense to please, and every passion calm.

Hark ! the ever-vagrant bee  
Soothes thee with her melody,  
Murmuring still her matin song,  
As she gaily sports along.  
Hark ! the stockdove's tender voice  
Bids his amorous mate rejoice ;  
Thrush's lay and blackbird's note  
On the breeze alternate float ;  
And many a rural sound salutes the ear,  
To charm, enliven, animate, and cheer.

See what ranks of fragrant flowers,  
Gemm'd with morning's dewy showers ;

Mingled with carnations' bloom,  
Glow the golden blossom'd broom ;  
Lavender, in purple beds,  
All around its perfume sheds ;  
Heliotrope and balmy heath,  
Waving, blend their odorous breath.  
Each fresh-blown floweret, pure and redolent,  
Fann'd by the gale, pours forth its sweetest scent.

Look above—the feathery pine  
Bids its pensile boughs decline,  
To o'erarch this tranquil seat,  
Shading it from noontide heat ;  
While laburnum's yellow hair  
Wantons in the sultry air,  
And its tresses interweaves  
With the laurel's varnish'd leaves :  
Soft sounds, rich fragrance, prospects bright  
Enchant the ear, the scent, and sight.

Then thou, who wouldst from worldly cares retreat,  
Seek this alcove—recline upon its seat,  
And gaze at leisure, with enchanted eyes,  
On the fair landscape that before thee lies ;  
For here kind Nature sheds her choicest balm,  
Thine every sense to please, and every passion calm.

## THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY L. E. L.

'Twas dark with cypresses and yews which cast  
Drear shadows on the fairer trees and flowers—  
Affection's latest signs.     \*     \*     \*

Dark portal of another world—the grave—  
I do not fear thy shadow; and methinks,  
If I may make my own heart oracle,—  
The many long to enter thee, for thou  
Alone canst reunite the loved and lost  
With those who pine for them. I fear thee not;  
I only fear my own unworthiness,  
Lest it prove barrier to my hope, and make  
Another parting in another world.

### 1.

LAUREL! oh, fling thy green boughs on the air,  
There is dew on thy branches, what doth it do there?  
Thou that art worn on the conqueror's shield,  
When his country receives him from glory's red field;  
Thou that art wreathed round the lyre of the bard,  
When the song of its sweetness has won its reward.  
Earth's changeless and sacred—thou proud laurel tree!  
The tears of the midnight, why hang they on thee?



## 2.

Rose of the morning, the blushing and bright,  
Thou whose whole life is one breath of delight ;  
Beloved of the maiden, the chosen to bind  
Her dark tresses' wealth from the wild summer wind.  
Fair tablet, still vow'd to the thoughts of the lover,  
Whose rich leaves with sweet secrets are written all  
over ;

Fragrant as blooming—thou lovely rose tree !  
The tears of the midnight, why hang they on thee ?

## 3.

Dark cypress I see thee—thou art my reply,  
Why the tears of the night on thy comrade trees lie ;  
That laurel it wreathed the red brow of the brave,  
Yet thy shadow lies black on the warrior's grave.  
That rose was less bright than the lip which it prest,  
Yet thy sad branches sweep o'er the maiden's last rest ;  
The brave and the lovely alike they are sleeping,  
I marvel no more rose and laurel are weeping.

## 4.

Yet, sunbeam of heaven, thou fall'st on the tomb—  
Why pausest thou by such dwelling of doom ?  
Before thee the grove and the garden are spread,  
Why lingerest thou round the place of the dead ?

Thou art from another, a lovelier sphere,  
Unknown to the sorrows that darken us here.  
Thou art as a herald of hope from above :—  
Weep mourner no more o'er thy grief and thy love ;  
Still thy heart in its beating, be glad of such rest,  
Though it call from thy bosom its dearest and best.  
Weep no more that affection thus loosens its tie,  
Weep no more that the loved and the loving must die ;  
Weep no more o'er the cold dust that lies at your feet,  
But gaze on yon starry world—there ye shall meet.

## 5.

O heart of mine ! is there not One dwelling there  
To whom thy love clings in its hope and its prayer ?  
For whose sake thou numberest each hour of the day,  
As a link in the fetters that keep me away ;  
When I think of the glad and the beautiful home,  
Which oft in my dreams to my spirit hath come :  
That when our last sleep on my eyelids hath prest,  
That I may be with thee at home and at rest :  
When wanderer no longer on life's weary shore,  
I may kneel at thy feet, and part from thee no more ;  
While death holds such hope forth to soothe and to  
save,  
Oh, sunbeam of heaven, thou may'st well light the  
grave.

## THE FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

SWEET flowers, Spring flowers, from valley and grove,

All pluck'd at the freshest of day :

Spring flowers are the language of friendship and love,

And speak what the tongue cannot say :

The blush on the rose

Will affection disclose,

Which words are too weak to display ;

And the violet's deep blue

Tells of constancy true,

Though the lover or friend be away.

Then buy my sweet flowers, fresh flowers wash'd in  
dew,

Of the Spring-time the soonest and rarest ;

Youths and maidens, remember, they're emblems of  
you,

Your first bloom of life is the fairest !

I have flowers for the sports and the garlands of May,

Or around your green arbours to weave ;

There are some for the pensive, and some for the gay,

And sweets for the morning or eve :

Here's the honey-bee's bower,

Here's the butterfly's flower,

And the sun's faithful love you perceive ;  
At noon's merry time  
They are just in their prime,  
But by night shall these sweets take their leave !  
Then buy my Spring flowers, fresh flowers wash'd in  
dew,  
Make your choice whilst they're brightest and  
halest ;  
Youths and maidens, remember, they're emblems of  
you,  
Your first bloom of life is the frailest !

I have brought them from garden, and forest, and  
down,  
From the glen, and the green mountain's head ;  
Here are buds to entwine in the bride's wedding-crown,  
And flowerets to strew o'er the dead :  
Here are cypress and yew,  
The willow and rue,  
For the maiden whose lover hath fled ;  
But affection long known  
Is by lavender shown,  
Smelling sweet when its blossoms are shed !  
Then buy my Spring flowers, fresh flowers wash'd in  
dew,  
And clusters of hare-bells and heather,  
Youths and maidens who love, they are emblems of  
you,  
'Twined to bloom and be blighted together !

### THE DOVE OF ANACREON.

SAY, lovely Dove, with arrowy force,  
Whence dost thou bend thy winged course ?  
Whence over ether dost thou stray,  
Distilling odours on thy way ?  
Say who art thou ? what thine employ ?  
“ Anacreon sent me to a boy, :  
The fair Bathyllus, he who reigns,  
And holds all hearts in rosy chains.  
Me for an ode, he sung so well,  
Did Venus to the poet sell.  
Hence o'er the trackless seas and lands  
I execute his high commands ;  
And now, as you behold, I bear  
His letters through the fields of air :  
And speedily, he vows to me,  
His gratitude shall set me free.  
But I, though freedom he might give,  
His faithful slave would ever live,  
Far happier with himself ; say why  
O'er plains and mountains should I fly,



And sit on trees and pluck such food  
As nature scatters through the wood ?  
Feasting on dainties now I stand  
And seize them from Anacreon's hand ;  
And oft by turns delighted sip  
The cup that passes from his lip :  
And then when wine has had its measure,  
I wheel around in dance of pleasure ;  
And oft in airy circles spread  
My wings to shade my master's head.  
And I, when sport at length may tire,  
I sleep upon his far famed lyre.  
Thus have I answer'd all you ask,  
So leave me to fulfil my task ;  
For thou in thy desire to hear  
Hast made me talk too long I fear."

## THE FISHER'S WIFE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

O, COULD I calm yon raging sea,  
Whose mountain waves toss fearfully  
    Their giant crests of foam !  
For HE is in his slender bark,  
Breasting that world of waters dark :  
    Kind Ocean, waft him home !

'Tis awful at such hour to wake,  
And dare the tempest for his sake,  
    Trembling with hope and fear ;  
To listen to the seagull's scream—  
I see, I see the white sail gleam !  
    My husband, thou art near !

He'll chide me for my fond distress,  
And with a kind and gay caress  
    Buoy up my sinking heart ;  
Yet he will tempt the wave again,  
And call the anxious terrors vain  
    That rack me when we part.

Beautiful is the deep blue sea,  
When summer gales sigh placidly  
Over the billows hoar ;  
'Tis music then to hear them dash,  
As the bright waters leap and flash  
Against the rocky shore.

But now in every echoing surge  
I hear a note of Ocean's dirge  
Around its victim's bier !  
He's safe ! and these are idle fears,  
I'll brush away my woman's tears ;  
My husband, thou art here !

## TO GLORY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CIAPETTI.

GLORY ! what art thou ?—'Tis for thee his breast  
The daring man in dangerous risques will bare ;  
The Author writes to be of thee possess'd ;  
And for thy sake e'en death itself seems fair.

Glory ! what art thou ?—A like fate they share  
Who but desire or have thee—losing rest.  
To gain thee is great toil ; but heavier care  
Is his with dread of losing thee oppress'd.

Glory ! what art thou ?—An illusion dear—  
Child of long labour, wind that blows the surge,  
Sought amid toil, but never tasted near.

Those to mad envy dost the living urge—  
Sweet sounds thy voice when death hath closed  
the ear.

Glory ! of human pride the bitter scourge.

M. S.

TO MY CHILD.

CHILD of my heart ! My sweet, beloved first-born !  
Thou dove, who tidings bring'st of calmer hours !  
Thou rainbow, who dost come when all the showers  
Are past,—or passing ! Rose which hath no thorn,—  
No pain, no blemish, pure and unforlorn,  
Untouch'd—untainted—O, my flower of flowers !  
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,—  
To seamen stranded life-assuring morn.  
Welcome ! a thousand welcomes ! Care, who clings  
Round all, seems loosening now her snake-like fold !  
New hope springs upwards, and the bright world  
seems  
Cast back into her youth of endless springs !—  
—Sweet mother, is it so ?—or grow I old,  
Bewilder'd in divine Elysian dreams ?

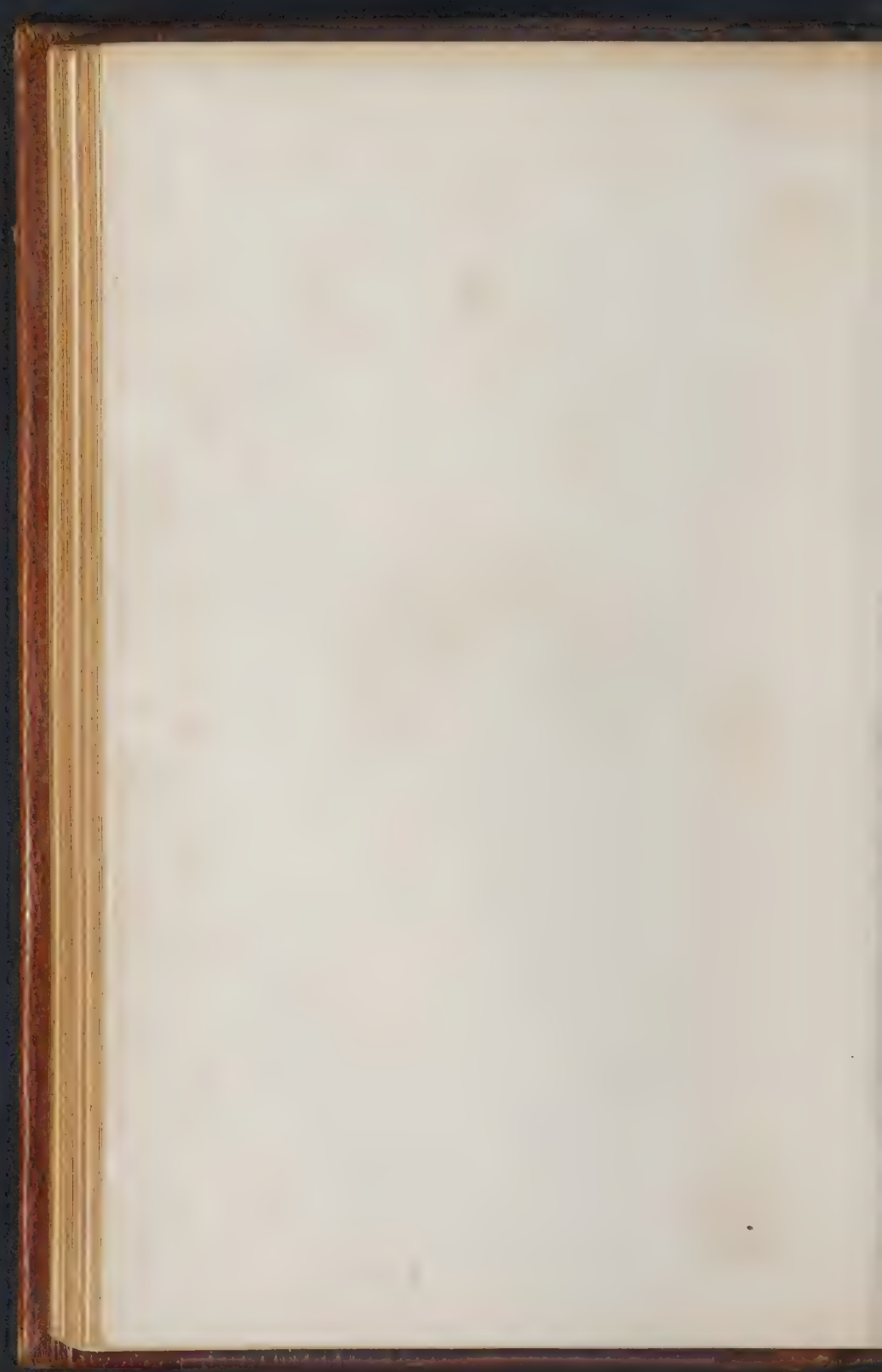
November, 1825.

E. C.





*Ad.*



## MARIE'S GRAVE.

A TALE OF THE LANDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that at the close of the Peninsular war orders were issued for the formation of an encampment in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where the regiments which had been selected to reinforce Sir George Prevost in Canada, as well as to carry on hostilities along the shores of the United States, might assemble. It fell to the lot of the —— regiment of light infantry to form one of the corps appointed for the last mentioned of these services. Having been attached to the left column of Lord Wellington's army, we were stationed, when the above intelligence reached us, under the walls of Bayonne, at the distance of ten long days' march from the point of rendezvous; but we welcomed the communication with not less alacrity on that account, and made ready, on the 14th May, 1814, to act in accordance with its tenor.

Of the particulars of our journey I am not at present called upon to give any account, farther than that in all its stages, and in every circumstance connected with it, it was most delightful. The weather chanced to be peculiarly favourable. Not a shower of rain, or a blast of wind, overtook us during the whole of our progress; and though towards noon the heat usually became more oppressive than agreeable, we managed, by starting every day an hour or two before sun-rise, to escape most of the inconveniences which might have otherwise affected us. Every thing, moreover, animate and inanimate, which came in our way, had about it an air of exquisite novelty. The costume and personal appearance of the people, the arrangement of their houses, fields, vineyards, and gardens, the order of their domestic life, were to us perfectly new and interesting. We struck into the Landes on the morning of the third day, and if any of my readers have happened to visit that wild district, he will doubtless attest that one more singular, or more prolific in extraordinary spectacles, has seldom been pressed by the foot of a traveller.

Amidst the huge forests of pine which overspread the whole face of this region, there are scattered at wide intervals from one another a few villages, or rather hamlets, remarkable for their extreme beauty, and for the air of primitive simplicity and content-

ment which hangs over them. They consist, for the most part, of from ten to twenty cottages, the walls of which are composed entirely of wood, and the roofs uniformly covered with straw. Each stands apart in the centre of its own neat garden and enclosure, whilst, to the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile in every direction, a circle of cultivated fields encompasses the whole. It rarely happens that a stream of limpid and excellent water is wanting in the vicinity, and a church, suited to the humble character of its simple worshipers, was a conspicuous feature in every one of the hamlets that lay along the line of our march.

The quarter-master-general had so arranged our route that we were every day enabled, after compassing a sufficient extent of ground, to encamp in the neighbourhood of one or other of these delightful villages. The inhabitants proved, in all instances, as obliging as their poverty and secluded course of existence authorised us to expect ; and if the women were not always remarkable for personal beauty, they were, at all events, invariably goodnatured and lively. It happened that on one occasion I had my feelings wrought upon to a degree beyond my anticipations ; and as the affair appeared at the moment worthy of being noted down, perhaps even now it may be deemed not undeserving of mention.



The night of Saturday, the 21st of May, having been spent in the village of St. Muret, at two o'clock on Sunday morning our tents were struck, and we were in motion. Our route lay, as usual, during the preceding week, over a deep and sandy track, cut through the heart of a dreary pine wood, and our journey, on account of the absence of a convenient spot for halting, proved to be particularly tedious and fatiguing. We had traversed something more than six leagues; the hour of noon was past, and the heat had become intense, when a sort of shout uttered at the head of the column gave notice that a resting place was in view. The shout did not deceive us. The leading files had already emerged from the wood into the customary range of open country; and in little more than half an hour afterwards our camp was pitched in one of the loveliest situations which it had occupied since the commencement of our progress.

Unlike its fellow hamlets, La Barbp, the village beside which we now halted, did not stand in the midst of an extensive area of bare meadows and low corn fields. Meadows and corn fields there doubtless were, but their surfaces were beautifully diversified by the frequent interspersions of clumps of oaks and chestnuts; whilst numerous undulations in the ground produced a species of tasteful irregularity, which gave to the little landscape the

appearance rather of a park, or gentleman's enclosure, than of lands portioned out into fourteen or fifteen different farms. A rivulet of the purest water issued from the forest upon the right, and flowing gently onwards, wound round the base of a green hill, upon which, about a stone's throw apart from the other buildings, was erected the village church. In the village itself I saw nothing to distinguish it from the others. It consisted as usual of wooden cottages, not one of which, in point of architecture or decorations, could claim a superiority over the others. And even the very cure or vicarage, if such it deserved to be called, was nothing more than a cabin, clean and neat, indeed, but presenting the lowliest aspect.

Every body knows that Sunday is observed in a French village as a day not of relaxation only, but of jubilee. We therefore found the villagers in their best attire, assembled on the green or common, round which their cottages stood ; and as they came forward in a body to bid us welcome, they presented upon the whole a very striking and picturesque appearance. The men were conspicuous for their jackets of coarse brown cloth, their gray or brown breeches, blue stockings, and large wooden shoes, but it was in the garb of the women that the distinction paid to Sunday might be most readily

noted. The bodice laced up with blue or scarlet riband; the bright scarlet petticoat, made so scanty as to display the scarlet clock which ornamented the blue stocking; these, with the handkerchief tied round the head with more than ordinary care and neatness, gave intimation that the toilette for that day always occupied much time and particular attention. All, however, seemed to enjoy the same excellent flow of spirits, and not a few of the younger had gladly availed themselves of our band, to continue the dancing which our approach had interrupted.

As soon as the bustle of encamping came to a close, I directed my steps towards the church, with the design of joining in the devotions of these simple people, or at least of offering up my own orisons from within consecrated walls. In this, however, I was disappointed; the priest, it appeared, officiated at another village besides La Barbp, taking the one in the morning, and the other in the evening, alternately; and as on this day divine service had been performed here in the morning, it would not be repeated. Though a little chagrined at this circumstance, I nevertheless followed up my original design so far as to take a hasty survey of the interior of the pile; and then proceeded to indulge a favourite whim, by strolling leisurely through the humble cemetery by which it was surrounded.

I found the churchyard moderately studded with green mounds, but wholly devoid of headstones or columns to tell the names of the persons who slept beneath. Wooden crosses seemed to be the only species of monument erected by the people of La Barbp to the memory of their deceased relatives, and of these, though they were almost as numerous as the graves themselves, not one bore a word or letter of inscription. Even the garlands, which throughout most parts of France it is customary for the survivors to twine over the tombs of those whom they loved, were all, with a solitary exception, wanting here. Upon one cross, and one only, hung a wreath of flowers; and though the blackened hue of the wood told a tale of exposure to more than one summer and winter, the garland was fresh and fragrant, as if gathered and arranged this very morning. I was much struck with the contrast which the condition of this grave, as compared with the others, presented, and, sitting down, was beginning to give free vent to fancy, when the noise of approaching footsteps disturbed my reverie. I looked round, and beheld, advancing towards me, a man in the common garb of the country. His age seemed to be about three or four and thirty; but in his general appearance there was nothing at all remarkable, except that an upright carriage, one empty sleeve, and a pair of monstrous



mustachios, indicated that he had been a soldier, and had served in the memorable wars of his country. As he drew nearer, however, I examined him more closely, and observed, or fancied so, a peculiarly mild and even melancholy expression in his eye. Whether or not I was correct, little time was granted to consider, for he raised his hand to his hat, and coming forward at once, with the freedom and frankness of his country, entered with me into conversation.

"I perceive, Monsieur," said he, "that the garland upon the cross which distinguishes this grave from those around it has attracted your attention." I assented to his remark, and proceeded to inquire whether he could give me any information respecting the individual who had suspended it there, and the person to whose memory it was consecrated.

"I can indeed, sir," answered he; "I can satisfy you fully on both these heads: it was I that gathered it; it was I that wove it, and it was I that hung it here; it is a task which I religiously perform on the return of every Sunday morning, and she to whom I dedicate my weekly offerings was the best, as she was the loveliest maiden of the province. Perhaps you may desire to learn something of her history. If you will allow me to take the privilege of a brother soldier, I can sit down beside you; and God help me,



I shall derive as much satisfaction, though it be a melancholy one, from relating the brief detail, as you can have from listening to it." I immediately, and with the utmost readiness, accepted his proposal, upon which the villager seated himself by my side, and began as follows :

" I am a native of this place, as from my address and dialect you have doubtless already guessed. My name is Jean Baptiste, and my father, whose only child I am, is accounted the wealthiest and most skilful cultivator in all the department. You may perceive, that bating the loss of this arm (and that occurred six years ago, ought not to tell against me), I am neither worse made, nor less personally attractive than my neighbours ; whilst I can appeal to all that know me, whether my temper be not as mild, and my disposition as amiable, as those of any lad in these parts."

I could not suppress a smile at this most characteristic display of French egotism. " Why, Jean," said I, laughing, " I thought you were going to tell me a tale connected with the fair tenant of this grave ; but you seem more disposed to instruct me concerning your own good qualities and fortunes." " Ah ! Monsieur," replied he, " you may smile if you please, and say on that point what you will ; but believe me I speak the truth. Yet what availed all

these advantages ! Marie, the beautiful and gentle Marie, whom I loved with my whole heart, and to promote whose happiness I could have willingly sacrificed my life, would not listen to my suit. It is a fact, indeed it is, she slighted my accomplishments, undervalued my wealth, and preferred to me a poor neighbour, who had nothing to recommend him that I, at least, could discover, except that he was of a less fair complexion, and possessed a tolerable share of bodily strength and activity. Well, well, I could not quarrel with the girl for that, nor yet forsake my friend because he supplanted me, for Lewis Charmont was my friend, and dear to me as my own soul.

“ It is hardly necessary to inform you, that La Barbp has been inhabited by the ancestors of those families which inhabit it now since the day when the good saint first planted these forests, and stayed the sands from moving. Under these circumstances you will not be surprised to learn that we are all accustomed to regard one another as brothers and sisters, and that the poorest man amongst us is not despised or treated as an inferior by the richest. But though this be, and has ever been the case, it is still only natural that even in our small community particular friendships should bind individuals more closely to each other, than the tie of common regard which

binds the same individuals to the whole body. Such has long been the case with the Charmonts, the Clausels, and the Baptistes. Our ancestors loved one another from the remotest period ; no change in worldly circumstances ever interfered with their feelings ; our parents were as if they had descended from the same stock ; and we—I mean Lewis, Marie, and myself—inherited their attachment.

“ Lewis Charmont was, by one year only, my junior ; Marie Clausel was two years younger than he. From the very cradle we were companions and playmates ; nay, were more,—Lewis was the brother of my adoption, and Marie was our sister. Ah ! Monsieur, those were blessed days, when, each holding a hand, we led the sweet girl forth towards the river, and seating her on the bank, the one plied his rod and line, whilst the other chased the butterfly which she admired, or wove a wreath of wild flowers for her fair brow. But childhood passed away, and youth came, to make us acquainted with the true state of our feelings, and to teach us that we were rivals. We both loved Marie, loved her to absolute idolatry ; yet we loved each other at the same time, and never, no not for an instant, did a pang of angry jealousy rankle in our hearts.

“ As we approached to manhood, Lewis and I, differing widely in our propensities and pursuits, became by degrees not less truly friends, but less fre-

quently companions. Lewis was agile, daring, and adventurous; field sports, violent bodily exertions, especially where danger was to be surmounted or difficulties overcome, carried him away from his home, and the operations of agriculture; whereas my habits and tastes were all quiet and domestic. I cultivated my father's fields contentedly and cheerfully, and never was so happy as when I found leisure to dress Marie's garden, and stock it with the rarest and choicest plants within my reach. Yet for all this she rejected my addresses: she withdrew not, indeed, from my society, but she refused to listen to my vows, and her refusal was so mildly and so affectionately pronounced, that I only loved her the more because I felt my suit was hopeless. The truth is, Monsieur, that her affections were already engaged. She preferred to me (who was continually at her side) him who bestowed but a small portion of his time or attention upon her; but spent whole days, and sometimes nights in the woods, only that he might bring home and present to her the head of a wolf or the skin of a bear.

"In this condition affairs continued for some time. We never dreamed of concealing from each other how our affections were disposed of; on the contrary, Lewis was all along aware that I loved Marie tenderly, and I was equally aware that Lewis loved her also; yet that either was preferred by her to the



other we both continued ignorant, till an accident drew forth the secret.

“ Early in the year 1808 there arrived in our village a sub-officer's party of gendarmerie, bearing an order from the prefect of the department, to enrol four young men from the division of La Barbp, for the service of the army. Such an order, coming from such a quarter, could neither be disputed nor evaded; the names of all the villagers capable of bearing arms were put into a cap, and that of Lewis Charmont came up. Lewis himself, naturally brave and enterprising, uttered no complaint against his fortune, but rather rejoiced in the prospect of honour and advancement. Lewis continued as yet ignorant of the possession of Marie's affections, for though repeatedly urged, she had hitherto refused to acknowledge it, though now, however, concealment was at an end. A threatened separation effected that which years of intimacy and familiar intercourse had failed to effect; and in the bitterness of her agony she yielded a full confession. I was present when she assured him that she lived for him and him alone; that his departure would be to her a blow which she could not survive; that she would not even desire to exist, did he abandon her. What could I do? I saw indeed that my own hopes were blighted, and that Marie's coldness sprang not from indifference, but from a positive predilection for another,—but



that other was my friend : Marie I still loved as before ; could I be contented to behold this misery ! No, Monsieur, though naturally averse to a life of bustle and contention, I determined, on the instant, to volunteer in Lewis's room ; I did so without so much as consulting him, and was accepted.

“ Not all the misery which in my quieter hours has followed up the reflection that Marie was lost to me for ever, not all the grief which was my lot when I committed her delicate form to the earth, have been able to efface the blessed recollection of the moment when, with flushed cheek and glittering eye, I told her that her lover was free, and that they might thenceforth be happy together. Ah ! Monsieur, that was indeed a moment of rapture—of rapture such as I shall never again experience, when I heard her address me as her brother and preserver ; when I felt her arms around my neck, and her warm tears upon my cheek, and received the sweetest and most rapturous kiss that the lip of woman ever bestowed ! Oh ! whole years of agony could not suffice to blot out the recollection of those moments ; a life of pain were but a poor price to offer for their repossession ! But they passed away ; and I marched off, if not happy, at all events satisfied that I had done my duty, and that there were two kind hearts which beat in gratitude for me, whose own was little better than a blank.

“ My satisfaction was, however, but of short dura-

tion. I had sojourned but a few weeks at the dépôt, when the arrival of Lewis, as one of a fresh batch of conscripts, gave proof that the sacrifice which I had made had been to no purpose. A second call for recruits, it appeared, produced a second ballot ; and the name of Lewis, as if heaven had decreed that he should not elude his destiny, was again among the number of the drawn. You may well believe that my friend, for some time after his enlistment, was melancholy enough, when I inform you that the very day was named which ought to have made Marie his own ; yet he recovered his spirits by degrees, applied steadily to his drill and his duty, and bore himself as proudly, and was as much admired as any man in the ranks, when the detachment began its march to join the army in Spain.

“ Lewis and I were fortunate enough to be appointed to the same corps and the same company—indeed we were comrades. We were fortunate, too, in being commanded by a brave and good officer ; and, to fill up our measure of good luck, were sent off to serve under one of the ablest and most humane generals whom France has produced. We were ordered to Catalonia, at that time the province of the gallant and generous St. Cyr. This happy combination of events naturally tended to make us look to the future with a less desponding gaze, and upon the past with greater resignation ; we acknowledged that

our lot might have been far less desirable, and we were contented.

“ No particular events befell us on our journey towards the frontier. On the whole, we were treated with sufficient consideration by the inhabitants, who bestowed on us a thousand wishes for our success and safe return; and we came up with the army just as it had taken its ground, and begun to make preparations for the siege of Rosas. You are, doubtless, aware that the defence made by the garrison of that fortress was exceedingly obstinate and gallant. Though our trenches were gradually drawn to the very crest of the glacis, and our saps penetrated the escarpment, the governor refused to surrender; nothing therefore remained but to try the fortune of an assault, and for this perilous service volunteers were invited to offer.

“ The first man who presented himself on that occasion was Lewis Charmont. It was in vain that I reminded him of Marie, and of the necessity under which he lay of guarding his life, as far as circumstances would allow, for her sake. He only smiled at my remonstrance, and, squeezing my hand, replied, that, if he fell, Marie would honour his memory, and if he survived, he should be the more worthy of her, as he would have acted like a brave man, and earned a medal.

“ The assault took place and was successful; the

carnage on both sides was terrible ; but the town fell, and Lewis escaped unhurt. That I rejoiced at his escape you will, I am sure, believe ; yet let me be candid ; I did envy him, for the first and only time in my life, when I beheld him next morning upon parade with the medal already suspended from his button. Bitterly did I upbraid myself that I had not volunteered also ; and I resolved that he should never again earn a distinction to which I should not be equally entitled ; nor was I without hope that even Rosas might be to me, as it had been to him, a theatre of renown. The citadel still held out, principally, I believe, through the exertions of your countryman, Lord Cochrane, and a few of his sailors ; and it continued for many days to withstand all our efforts. I was one of those who thrice endeavoured to storm it, and were thrice repulsed ; but the works were demolished at last by cannon shot ; the English were compelled to abandon them, and we took possession of the ruins.

“ Worn out with the labours of a tedious and harassing siege, we fondly looked forward, now that the place had fallen, to the enjoyment of at least a few days of repose, but we were disappointed. The critical situation of Barcelona, at that period blockaded by the enemy, called upon the general to make every effort for its preservation. It was by far the most important



of all our possessions on that coast, for the loss of which hardly any success would have compensated ; so St. Cyr, having determined that it should not change masters through any negligence on his part, made ready, without a moment's delay, to succour it. On the evening of the day which saw our flag hoisted upon the ramparts of Rosas, the order to prepare was issued, and at an early hour next morning the whole army was in motion.

“ The direct road from Rosas to Barcelona leads, you must know, under the very guns of Hostalrech, a fortified town which was then held by a numerous Spanish garrison. Conscious that any effort to force a passage must be attended with heavy loss, and unwilling to waste time by reducing the fort, St. Cyr resolved to penetrate, as he best could, through the mountain ; and having found a shepherd who professed to be acquainted with the different tracks, he took him for his guide. The man was no traitor. He conducted the column, by a difficult and circuitous route, round the hill upon which Hostalrech is built, and brought it in safety, after a perilous and fatiguing march, once more into the high road.

“ On this occasion Lewis Charmont and myself were both attached to the rear-guard. It was not very efficient in point of numbers, though the general was pleased to say that we were all brave men, on whom



he could perfectly depend ; and it came not off so well as the column which it was appointed to protect. During the earlier part of the day, indeed, we, like those in front of us, went on without beholding an enemy ; but about four o'clock in the afternoon we suddenly found ourselves watched by a very superior force, which, in spite of our most strenuous efforts to prevent it, succeeded in throwing itself between us and the rear of the column. For an instant we fell back, as if uncertain what course to pursue ; the main body, we were well aware, would not, and could not halt to succour us ; they could not even spare reinforcements to bring us off, for the defile of Trientepasos was before them, which must be passed that night or never ; there was, therefore, no help to be expected from that quarter. The idea of surrendering, whilst we had arms in our hands, could not be borne for a moment, more especially as we were not ignorant that he who became a prisoner to the Spaniards was less to be envied than his comrade who fell in battle. Though they exceeded us in numbers by four to one, we resolved to fight our way through them, and either to make good our passage, or perish in the attempt.

“ The Spaniards were advantageously posted on the brow of a wooded height, and galled us dreadfully, as we rushed on, with their fire, but our charge was decisive ; for one instant they stood the shock,

in the next we had pierced them. And now all was hurry and confusion ; it was our business to escape, each man as he was best able, and we were not very scrupulous as to the means. We ran as fast as weariness would permit, preserving, however, for a time, an irregular line, and stopping occasionally, as a convenient space offered, to check the pursuit by our fire ; but at last even our skirmishing order was lost, and we fled and fought in files or singly, as chance or circumstances directed.

“ In this manner the tirailading continued till hardly light enough remained for us to point our muskets, when Lewis, who throughout the whole affair had kept by my side, fell to the ground. You will wonder when I tell you that, notwithstanding the situation in which we were placed, it never once occurred to me that my friend could be wounded ; I imagined that he had merely lost his footing, and I stooped down, in the careless turn of mind which such a belief was calculated to create, in order to assist him in rising. What then were my sensations when I found that he made no reply to my inquiries, and, on examining him more closely, discovered that a musket ball had struck him just where the shoulder joins the neck, and passed into his vitals. My very brain swam round, yet I retained self-command sufficient to raise him in my arms, and to entreat that he would exert his utmost strength, as the fire was fast

slackening. He did so, and I led him to the rear ; but we had not proceeded a dozen paces before he exclaimed, in a feeble voice, ‘ It is useless, Baptiste, I cannot proceed farther. Go, go you, save yourself for poor Marie, and leave me to die.’ I could not act thus, Monsieur ; it was not in my nature to abandon any one, more especially the friend of my heart, under these circumstances ; so partly carrying, and partly dragging, I contrived to hurry him along, till a cottage opportunely offering, I conveyed him into it. It was deserted and in ruins ; yet, with a winter’s night closing rapidly in upon us, I was too thankful even for such a shelter to pass it by.

“ The firing had now ceased ; our people having made good their retreat, and the enemy fallen back to Hostalrech ; but that was a matter about which I was perfectly regardless. I thought only of my friend, for whom the plundered hut afforded no comforts, and but a very partial shelter. I laid him upon the mud floor, and tearing my handkerchief into shreds, attempted to staunch the blood which welled from his broken limb ; but all my efforts were fruitless, it flowed on in spite of them. When I looked at his countenance, too, that told me plainly enough that there was no hope ; the half-closed eye and fallen jaw, not less than the pale lip and livid cheek, warned me that Lewis was departing. Wild with my own fears, I called upon him in the name of Marie, and of

all the tender associations connected with his native village, to rally himself, and take courage ; and at last, finding that he paid no heed to my adjurations, I sat down beside him in despair, buried my face in my hands, and wept aloud. The sound of my lamentation reached him even in his last moments ; he looked up, and, in a tone scarcely audible, exclaimed, ‘ Do not weep, Baptiste, do not weep, it must be thus, we must all die. Tell Marie that I fell as became me ; and give her my medal, that she may occasionally look upon it, and remember me when I am gone. Tell her, likewise, that with my last breath I consigned her to you : you love her, Baptiste, that I know ; and I need not add, be kind to her, for to whom was my friend ever unkind ? May you be happy together, and the thought that you are so——’ He could not finish the sentence ; no doubt he meant to say that his spirit would look down upon our happiness with delight, but the word died upon his lips, the lips themselves ceased to move, and he was a corpse.

“ Ah ! Monsieur, if you have ever known what it is to witness the dissolution of a friend who was dear to you as the air which you breathed, then, and then only will you be able to imagine what my feelings were at this moment. Alas ! I could not even pay to him the last tribute of friendship ; I could not lay him in a grave : but I did what I could ; I took his medal from his breast, and fetching a quan-



tity of straw from an adjoining chamber, I spread it over him ; I knelt down, too, and breathed a fervent prayer for his soul's repose ; and then, with swollen eyes and a heavy heart, set out to overtake my regiment.

“ I need not pursue the remainder of my story with any particular minuteness. I came up with the corps at the farther mouth of the defile, for the Spaniards, contrary to all expectation, had permitted us to thread it unmolested ; and I partook of the bivouac which they had formed on the plain of Llenas. But our repose was of short continuance ; the dawn had just begun to break when a heavy column showed itself in full march towards the pass ; no doubt could exist as to the force which composed the column ; so the drums beat to arms, and in five minutes after the army was in line.

“ Of the action which ensued, and which ended in the total defeat of the Spaniards, I cannot pretend to give any account, for the cannonade had scarcely begun when a round shot struck me in the left arm, and took it off. I was carried from the field along with hundreds besides, and having suffered amputation, was removed to a crowded hospital, where, during many weeks, I endured all the misery attendant upon inadequate accommodation, imperfect nursing, and scanty provisions. At last, however, thanks to a naturally good constitution, I recovered ;



and being no longer serviceable, I received my discharge, but no pension was allowed me ; I had not served long enough, it appeared, to merit one ; indeed I was left to make my way, as I best might, through the whole breadth of France, without receiving any other assistance than that which private benevolence afforded. Thus mutilated, and a beggar, I reached my home exactly ten months from the day on which I quitted it.

“ And now, Monsieur, it only remains for me to repeat the saddest portion of my story. Poor Marie had received no account of her lover since he departed, and had pined and languished after him like a bird robbed of her young. Her health, naturally delicate, was already impaired by suspense ; how then could it be expected that she would bear up against the terrible reality ; she did not, Monsieur. I broke the matter to her as delicately as I could, but even thus she was unable to bear it ; the intelligence that Lewis was no more came upon her like a thunderbolt upon a bruised reed—it crushed her. When I strove to cheer her by making mention of her lover’s valour, her tears only flowed the faster ; and when I pulled out his medal, and gave it to her as his last bequest, it seemed as if her heart would have broken. She took it, laid it upon her bosom, and to her dying day kept it there ; nay, it was not removed from her even in death, it is buried in her

grave. No, no, Monsieur, I could not speak to one thus afflicted of new ties ; I never told her that Lewis had bequeathed her to me. The poor stricken doe had no pasture to fly to ; she lingered on for a while, and died.

“ Six years and a half have passed since we laid her in the dust ; she had then barely completed her twenty-first year, and the merciful God never took to himself a purer or a chaster spirit. For me, it has ever since been my chief delight to deck her grave, as you see it even now. Every Sunday I gather a fresh garland for the purpose ; and as long as life remains I will continue the practice.”

Though there was something French in this poor fellow's story, I was, upon the whole, a good deal affected by it ; and deeming it not unworthy of a place in my scrap-book, I noted it down.

## THE HELLWEATHERS.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON, AUTHOR OF 'DARTMOOR.'

[Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ship, the Association, struck upon the Gilstone, off Scilly, with so much violence, that in about two minutes the vessel went down, and every soul on board but one perished. This man saved himself on a piece of timber, which floated to a rock called the Hellweathers, where he was compelled to remain some days before he could receive any assistance. Besides the Association, the Eagle, of 70, and the Romney, of 50 guns, perished, with all their crews. The Firebrand, fireship, was also lost, but most of her men were saved. Many persons of rank, and about 2000 seamen perished on this occasion.

DREW'S HISTORY OF CORNWALL.]

THE blue wave roll'd away before the breeze  
Of evening, and that gallant fleet was seen  
Darting across the waters ; ship on ship  
Following in eager rivalry, for home  
Lay on the welcome lee. The sun went down  
Amid a thousand glorious hues that lived  
But in his presence ; and the giant clouds  
Moved on in beauty and in power before  
The day-god's burning throne. But soon was o'er  
The pomp celestial, and the gold fringed cloud

Grew dark and darker, and the Elysian tints  
Evanish'd swift; the clear bright azure changed  
To blackness, and with twilight came the shriek  
Of the pursuing winds. Anon on high,  
Seen dimly through the shadowy eve, the Chief  
Threw out the wary signal, and they paused  
Awhile upon the deep.\* Again they gave  
Their sails to the fresh gale—again the surge  
Swept foaming by, and every daring prow  
Pointed to England;—England! that should greet  
With her green hills, and long-lost vales, their eyes  
On the sweet morrow. Beautiful is morn;  
But, oh, how beautiful the morn that breaks  
On the returning wanderer, doom'd no more  
To live on fancy's visions of that spot  
Beyond all others loved;—that very spot  
Now rising from the broad blue waters, dear  
To him as Heaven.

With fatal speed they flew  
Through the wide parting foam. Again the deck  
Sloped to the billow, and the groaning mast  
Bent to the rising gale; yet on that night  
The voice of the loud ocean rose to them  
In music, for the winds that hurried by  
So fierce and swift but heralded the way

\* A few hours before the ships struck Sir Cloudesley Shovel hove out the signal to lie to, in order to ascertain the situation of the fleet.



To the loved island-strand. The jaws of death  
Were round them, and they knew it not, until,  
Chilling the life-blood of the bravest, burst  
The everlasting cry of waves and rocks  
From stern Cornubia's isles. Alas, to them—  
The lost, there blazed no friendly Pharos' fire,  
No star gleam'd from the heaven. The sailor heard  
The roar of the huge cliff, and on his brow  
Fell the cold dew of horror. On they came—  
Those gallant barks, fate-driven—on they came—  
Borne on the wings of the wild wind, to rush  
In darkness on the black and bellowing reef  
Where human help avails not. There they struck  
And sank ;—the hopes, the fears, the wishes all  
Of myriads o'er at once. Each fated ship  
One moment sat in all her pride, and pomp,  
And beauty, on the main ;—the next, she plunged  
Into the "hell" of waves, and from her deck  
Thrill'd the loud death-scream—stifled as it rose  
By the dark sea ;—one blow—one shriek—the grave !

And all was silent—save the startling voice  
Of the Atlantic, rising from that shore  
In anger ever ! Terribly its surge  
Closed o'er them, and they perish'd in that gulf  
Where the dead lie innumerable, and the depths  
Are rife with monstrous shapes, and rest is none  
Amid the infuriate war of waters hurl'd



In endless, horrible commotion. Heard  
Alone, between the pausings of the gale,  
Was one faint human wail. Where thousands sank  
One rode the vengeful wave, preserved to be,  
As seem'd, the sport of the mad billows : now  
Upflung upon the mountain ridges—now  
Swift sinking in abysses vast, that yawn'd  
Almost to Ocean's bed. Yet life fled not,  
Nor hope, though in the tempest's giant coil  
He gasp'd for breath, and often writhed beneath  
The suffocating waters.

Morning came

In vain, though on the island rock the sea  
Had flung the hapless mariner. Around  
Howl'd the remorseless surge,—above, the cloud  
Swept, terror-wing'd ;—the lightning o'er the day  
Shed an unnatural glare, and near him broke  
The thunder with its peal of doom. No aid  
Came through the long, long day, yet on the cliffs  
Floated the cheering signal ;—from the strand  
Came voices animating ;—men were there  
Impatient as the bounding greyhound held  
Within the straining leash—a gallant band  
Nursed in the western storm, familiar long  
With danger and with death, but might not brave  
The monster now. And thus the victim hung  
Upon eternity's dread verge, and gazed  
Appall'd upon its gulf ; then backwards shrunk

Convulsively to life, and hope renew'd  
 Unfroze his blood, and o'er his features threw  
 A light that could not last. For evening came,  
 And the great sun descended to the main,  
 While oft the beautiful beloved orb  
 The seaman watch'd, and sigh'd to see it sink  
 Beneath the wave ; but as the twilight grew  
 Deeper and deeper, and the darkness closed  
 Upon him, and the hungry, howling surge  
 Was heard below, loud clamouring for its prey,  
 He wept—the lone man wept !

Again it came,  
 The unchanged, unchanging morning, rising wild  
 Upon a joyless world ; yet did his eye  
 Glisten to see the dawn, though it awoke  
 In tempest ; and that day flew by, and night  
 Once more fell on him, and another morn  
 Broke, and the sufferer lived ! The hand of death  
 Was on him, yet delay'd the fatal grasp ;  
 And round the agonized victim look'd,  
 But succour came not ! On the rugged rock  
 Crash'd the torn wreck in thunder, and the sea  
 Disgorged the dead ; within the black recoil  
 Of waters dash'd the dead ; and on the brave,  
 The loved, he gazed, and at his side Despair  
 Now sat, and pointed to the abyss !

\* \* \* \* \*

## A shout

Comes from the cliffs—a shout of joy! Awake,  
Thou lonely one, from death's fast-coming sleep!—  
Arise, the strand is thronging with brave men—  
A thousand eyes are on thee, and a bark  
Bursts o'er the breaching foam! The shifting cloud  
Flies westward, and away the storm repell'd  
Reluctant sails; the winds have backward flung  
The billows of the Atlantic! See, they come,  
They come—a dauntless island-band—and now  
A cheer is heard; and hark, the dash of oars  
Among the reefs! His eye with instant hope  
Brightens, and all the ebbing tides of life  
Rush with returning vigour! Now the spray  
Flies o'er the advancing pinnace, for the wave  
Though half subdued is mighty; yet her prow  
Victorious parts the surges; nearer roll  
The cheers of that bold crew; the welcome sounds  
Thrill on his ear; the deepening plunge of oars  
Foams round the desert rock—'tis won! 'tis won!  
And—he is saved!

A SIMILE ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,  
Before a marble palace, threw  
To heaven its column, pure and bright,  
Returning thence in showers of dew ;  
But soon a humbler course it took,  
And glid away—a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,  
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,  
Birds 'midst the waving branches sang,  
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd ;  
The weary there lay down to rest,  
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful—to stand and watch  
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,  
And such resplendent colours catch,  
As though 'twere raining diadems ;  
Yet all was cold and curious art  
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart !

Dearer to me the little stream,  
Whose unimprison'd waters run,  
Wild as the changes of a dream,  
By rock and glen, through shade and sun ;  
Its lovely links have power to bind,  
And whirl away my willing mind.

So thought I when I saw the face,  
By happy portraiture reveal'd,  
Of one adorn'd with every grace ;  
Her name and date from me conceal'd,  
But not her story ;—she had been  
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,  
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,  
Where Fashion's high-born minions sport,  
Like gilded insects on the wing ;  
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,  
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,  
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,  
She treads the paths of purer life,  
And in affection's bosom reigns ;  
No fountain scattering diamond showers,  
But the sweet streamlet, edged with flowers.



## LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A BUTTERFLY PAINTED IN AN  
ALBUM.

I HAVE noted many a time  
Authors skill'd in prose and rhyme,  
Who a strict resemblance find  
In this insect to mankind.

Often have I ponder'd on  
That unfair comparison :  
True, the butterfly is gay,  
Vain and idle in his play ;  
Nay, perhaps he thinks no less  
Than a coxcomb of his dress ;  
True, he roves from bower to bower ;  
True, he kisses every flower,  
Quitting that he most desired  
For another more admired :  
Never fixing, always changing,  
Ever wandering, ever ranging.

So far is resemblance seen  
Men and butterflies between.

But when man successful pleads,  
Wide he publishes his deeds ;  
Trumpets forth the victim's shame,  
Boasts his power, and blasts her fame ;  
While the fickle butterfly  
Has this one good quality  
(Every thing save man has some),  
Though unfaithful he is dumb !

T. E. C.

LINES TO YOUTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN JONES.

I.

OH, Youth ! thou art a dream of bliss  
Too bright, too pure to last !  
A trance, our gathering years dismiss !  
A vision, fading fast !

II.

Yet still to thee will memory cling,  
In sad and after years ;  
A thought of thee will often fling  
Its splendour o'er our tears.

III.

Hope, like a seraph clothed in light,  
Then revels unconfined ;  
And glories break upon the sight,  
And raptures fill the mind.

IV.

And Love, the choicest gift we own,  
 Comes smiling from above ;  
 'Tis given to youthful hearts alone  
 To feel the force of Love.

V.

Then, Youth ! thou art a dream of bliss  
 Too bright, too pure to last ;  
 A trance, our gathering years dismiss,  
 A vision, fading fast !

## JESSY OF KIBE'S FARM.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

ABOUT the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance ; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied, the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts and heifers that run in the orchard and adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances and her young family.

The house is beautifully situated ; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazel, now thickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's Farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge, closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror a rich leafy frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens,



and makes an abrupter winding, as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows, then turns in a narrower channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amidst the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A foot-bridge is flung over the stream where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture.

Kibe's Farm is as picturesque as its situation; very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch, and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy-mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary, and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit-forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom indeed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, served in some sort as domestics.

Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her husband had been an officer, and died fighting

bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred ; her children too had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude, and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance, and pining for them also ; and finding that her old servant, Dinah Miles, was settled with her husband in this deserted farm house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

We lived in different parishes, and she declined company, so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mother, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate friend at Aberleigh rectory caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm house, and threw this interesting family again under my observation.

The first time that I saw them was on a bright summer evening, when the nightingale was yet in

the coppice, the briar-rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and careworn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled from her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling impatience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice and brilliant smile accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower

garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

She sate in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honey-suckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair, brown with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, increased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot—a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile—such a smile!—spoke a few sweet words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet that hung near her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating, better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a



nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge ; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold—for I then knew that Jessy was blind—a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth, and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mistress of the rectory ; and every interview served to increase the interest excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

Never was any human being more gentle, generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her character arose, as I soon perceived, from a different source. Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskilfully treated, and was pronounced incurable ; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. “ She could work,” she said, “ as well as ever ; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well, without making any mistake or confusion. Reading, to be sure, she had been forced to give up, and drawing ;



and some day or other she would show me, only that it seemed so vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a group of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune, Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such verse, and the object of such affection! Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma; but William—oh, she wished that I knew William! No one could be so kind as he! It was impossible! He read to her; he talked to her; he walked with her; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe's Meadow; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that now she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet; he had constructed the wooden frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly; could write letters to him, and say her own self all that she felt of love and gratitude. And that," she continued with a deep sigh, "was her chief comfort now; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never alive—that she was sure of—she knew it." "But why, Jessy?" "Oh, because William was so much too good for this world: there was nobody like William! And he was gone for a soldier. Old General

Lucas, her father's uncle, had sent for him abroad — had given him a commission in his regiment—and he would never come home—at least they should never meet again—of that she was sure—she knew it.”

This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessy's life, the cause that, far more than her blindness, faded her cheek and saddened her spirit. How it had arisen no one knew ; partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly, but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to brood over her own gloomy forebodings ; partly from her trembling sensibility, and partly from the delicacy of frame and of habit which had always characterised the object of her love—a slender youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt to overtask his body.

However, it found admittance, there the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over the sunshine of Jessy's young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all—the fear that is born of love ; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William's letters, and, above all, to William's return to eradicate the evil.

The letters came punctually and gaily; letters that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessy Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recal. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother, and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and wealthy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe's Farm, to be introduced to his nephew's widow and daughters, especially Jessy, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit: it adduced the son's admirable character and exemplary conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relatives, and of making William his heir.

For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters Jessy was happy—till the peril of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous despatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's Farm. The

voyage was past, safely past, and the weight seemed now really taken from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled ; yet still it was a fearful and a trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind ; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents. The brook which crossed Kibe's Lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still foaming and dashing like a cataract. Now that was the nearest way ; and if William should insist on coming that way ! To be sure the carriage road was round by Grazely Green, but to cross the brook would save half a mile ; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those whom he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts : the fear seemed impossible, for no postilion would think of breasting that roaring stream ; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new caught bird, and she feared she knew not what.

All day she paced the little court, and stopped and listened, and listened and stopped. About sunset, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, she thought she heard, she was sure she heard



the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the other side of the stream. "It is only the noise of the rushing waters," cried Emma. "I hear a carriage, the horses, the wheels!" replied Jessy; and darted off at once, with the double purpose of meeting William, and of warning the postilion against crossing the stream. Emma and her mother followed fast! fast! But what speed could vie with Jessy's, when the object was William? They called; but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had won to the bend in the lane she had reached the brook; and, long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipped from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured; men, and ropes, and boats; for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all, and many a poor man perilled his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there, for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her. William was there, struggling with all the strength of love and agony to rescue that dear and helpless creature; but every effort—although he persevered until he too was taken out senseless—every effort was vain. The fair corse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter; and the brother and his favourite sister never met again.



SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

TEXTURE of mightiest splendour, force and art  
Wove in the fine loom of the subtlest brain,  
The brilliance of thy colours shines in vain,  
If steep'd not in the fountains of the heart !  
If those pure waves no added strength impart,  
If thence the web no new attraction gain,  
Sure is the test, no genuine muse would deign  
Her inspiration on the work to dart !  
High intellect, magnific though thou be,  
Yet if thou hast not power to raise the glow  
Of grand and deep emotions, which to thee  
Backward its own o'ershadowing hues may throw,  
Vapid thy fruits are ; barren is thy ray ;  
And worthless shall thy splendour die away !

TRANSLATION  
OF  
ANACREON'S ODE TO A PAINTER.

PRINCE of an art whose magic skill  
Can call up beauty at thy will,  
Come, and from my description trace  
The features of a matchless face ;  
Give to my eye, though far apart,  
The maid that lives within my heart ;  
Delineate first her wavy hair,  
So silky soft, so jetty fair ;  
And if in painting can be found  
Ought so ethereal, breathe around  
Those locks a subtle essence sweet,  
Whose odours may the senses meet :  
Beneath her sable tresses light  
Draw me her forehead, ivory white,  
Rising above two blooming cheeks,  
Whose colour youth and health bespeaks ;  
Her brows now sever with a line  
Not harsh, but indistinctly fine.



MISS MARY WATSON

Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Engraved by J. Smith





Beneath those brows so sweetly blended,  
So soft, so delicately ended,  
The border of her eyelids fringe  
With lashes of a darker tinge :  
But oh, at last, her eyes inspire  
With radiance of a real fire ;  
Like Pallas', of azure bright,  
Like Venus', of dewy light.  
Delineate now her cheeks and nose,  
And mix the lily with the rose.  
Now draw her lips' persuasive charm  
With eloquent enticement warm ;  
And all beneath her downy chin,  
And her neck's alabaster skin,  
Let beauty with her train resort,  
And all the loves and graces sport :  
And now invest the mimic whole  
With softer shade of purple stole :  
But let the robe which loosely flows  
The form's best symmetry disclose.  
Enough :—I view the maid I seek ;  
Soon shall the canvass learn to speak.



## THE SLEEPERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sleep!—let thy mother's spirit bless her child,  
And let thy sisters, to the dreaming land,  
Greet thee with song!—each gentle voice be there  
Of early fondness—each familiar face—  
Only the unkind be absent!

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep:

A holy thing from heaven,  
A gracious dewy cloud,  
A covering mantle, given  
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
Revere the pale still brow,  
The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hairs willowly flow!

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back,  
From the world unseen by you,  
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
In her childhood's land perchance,  
Where her young sisters play,  
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
Her spirit haply weaves ;  
A harmony profound  
Of woods with all their leaves :

A murmur of the sea,  
A laughing tone of streams :  
Long may her sojourn be  
In the music land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,  
Each gleam of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair—  
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

## A RACE BY CUPIDS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATISTA ZAPPI.

A HUNDRED Cupids, pausing for a space  
Amid their jocund sport the other day,  
One of them cried, "Now, let us fly away."  
"Whither?" another ask'd—"To Rosa's face."  
So saying they took wing, and made a race,  
Like bees that seek the fairest flower of May,  
To her chin, lip, or where her tresses play,  
Each choosing, as he reach'd, his several place.  
How lovely Rosa look'd at such a time!  
Two took their dwelling in her eyes, and two  
Sate with their bows upon her brows sublime.  
Among them was a tiny Cupid, who,  
Missing her lip, fell down into her breast:  
"Tell me," he cried with rapture, "who fares  
best?"

J. P. C.

## VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

FRESH clad from Heaven in robes of white,  
A young probationer of light,  
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright.

A spotless leaf ; but thought and care,  
And friends and foes, in foul or fair,  
Have “ written strange defeature ” there.

And time, with heaviest hand of all,  
Like that fierce writing on the wall,  
Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall.

And error, gilding worst designs—  
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—  
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot—  
And good resolves, a moment hot,  
Fairly began—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace,  
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace,  
Her irrevocable race.

Disjointed numbers—sense unknot—  
Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—  
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook,  
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look.  
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!



## THE POET WARRIOR.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### I.

STAY'D is the war horse in his strength,  
Broke is the barbed arrow,  
The spell has conquer'd on Nithside,  
Which won of yore on Yarrow.  
O, did he bear a charmed sword  
That for no mail would tarry,  
And on his youthful head a helm  
Was forged in land of fairy :  
Did Saxon shaft and war axe dint  
Fall on charm'd mail and elfin flint ?

### II.

His spell was valour, and he came  
When warriors' hearts were coldest,  
And pour'd his fire through peasants' souls,  
And led and ruled the boldest.  
He with flush'd brow, and flashing eyes,  
And right arm bare and gory,

Rush'd reeking o'er the lives of men,  
And turn'd our shame to glory.  
A hero's soul was his, and higher  
The minstrel's love, and poet's fire.

## III.

Seek for a dark and downcast eye,  
A glance 'mongst men the mildest,  
Seek for a bearing haught and high  
Can daunt and awe the wildest.  
Seek one whose soul in tenderness  
Is steep'd—who to the lyre  
Can pour out song as fast and bright  
As heaven can pour its fire.  
Seek him, and when thou find'st him, kneel,  
Though thou hadst gold spurs on thy heel.

LINES BY A FATHER.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

GRACE, thou darling of my heart,  
Sunk in sleep, how fair thou art !  
Though beneath its fringed lid  
Each blue orb lies closely hid,  
Still around thy lips there stray  
Smiles that speak of sportive play ;  
Happiness without alloy,  
Peace, and Innocence, and Joy.

Pillow'd on her rounded arm,  
Glowes the cheek with blushes warm ;  
While the little hand, that shows  
Like some half-blown Provence rose,  
Parts the glossy curls, which throw  
Shadows on her ivory brow.  
Slumbering thus, how fair thou art,  
Grace, thou darling of my heart !

God ! whose all pervading power  
Hurls the thunder, paints the flower,  
Heaves the deep-resounding seas,  
Summons forth the southern breeze,  
Pours the fiery lava-stream,  
Sheds on earth the sunny beam,—  
Mighty Father ! keep my child  
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

Holy as thy courts on high,  
Pure as planets of the sky ;  
Undefiled as Alpine snow,  
Guide her through this world of woe.

'Mid the ills of mortal life,  
Pride, Temptation, Wrath, and Strife,  
On the path from youth to age,  
Guard her in her pilgrimage ;  
Till, from every trial free,  
Death shall summon her to thee.  
Then, O God ! receive my child,  
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

“THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.”

CAN angel-spirits need repose  
In the full sunlight of the sky ?  
And can the veil of slumber close  
A cherub's bright and blazing eye ?

Have seraphim a weary brow,  
A fainting heart, an aching breast ?  
No, far too high their pulses flow  
To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,  
The banquet of delight above ?  
Or bear for one short hour to miss  
The vision of the Lord they love ?

Oh ! not the deathlike calm of sleep  
Could still the everlasting song :  
No fairy dream, or slumber deep  
Entrance the rapt and holy throng.



Yet, not the lightest tone was heard  
From angel voice or angel hand ;  
And not one plumed pinion stirr'd  
Among the bow'd and blissful band :

For there was silence in the sky,  
A joy not angel tongues could tell,  
As from its mystic fount on high  
The peace of God in stillness fell.

Oh ! what is silence here below ?  
The quiet of conceal'd despair !  
The pause of pain, the dream of woe,  
It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the wayworn pilgrim here  
More kindred seems than perfect peace,  
Than the full chaunt of joy to hear  
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,  
Tired with the path too slowly trod,  
May such a silence welcome me  
Into the palace of my God !

### SYMPATHY.

Is there who mocks at sacred sympathy,  
And owns a bosom from her dictates free ?  
Who never long'd to press unto his heart,  
At the first glance, a friend, and never part ?  
Who the soft influence of a smile denies,  
And the more melting power of tearful eyes ?  
Who an unconscious look, a word, a sigh,  
Boasts his unhallow'd bosom can defy ?  
O never let him deem his soul was made  
For holy hopes and joys that never fade,  
For pure delights that love can only know,  
And all the ties that cheer our hearts below :  
The tender names of husband, brother, friend,  
Ne'er to his breast their blissful sounds shall lend,  
But cheerless, joyless, shall he live and die,  
Nor claim in life a smile, in death a sigh !

M. A. J.

## W O M A N.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Here are sever'd lips  
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes !  
How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd.—SHAKESPEARE.

A Y, now I've lit upon a theme  
Unbounded, thrilling, and supreme,  
So let me try my mountain lore  
In the oblivious theme once more ;  
For what is Bard, with all his art,  
Who scorns to take the fair one's part,  
And never hath in life perceived  
(What once I sparingly believed)  
That Woman's fair and lovely breast  
Was framed the sanctuary blest,  
The home, all other homes above,  
Of virtuous and of faithful love ?  
Sweet sex ! I fear with all my zeal  
I ne'er can laud you as I feel :  
If nature's glowing hand imbue  
Thy early bloom with beauty's dew,

Stamp in thine eye the 'witching wile,  
And light with love thy opening smile,  
Ere prudence rises to thine aid  
A thousand snares for thee are laid ;  
While still to revel, wrong or right,  
Among these snares is thy delight.  
'Tis thus that thousands wreck'd, and hurl'd  
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,  
Regardless of creation's scorn,  
Unblest, unfavour'd, and forlorn.  
Oh ! take not one degraded mind  
For model of dear womankind.  
But let us rise in our compare  
To beauties of the earth and air,  
With their revenges—range the sea,  
The wood, the waste, the galaxy,  
And rather urge a parable  
'Twixt rays of heaven and shades of hell,  
Than Woman's fair and virtuous fame  
Should suffer but in thought or aim,  
Or from her sacred temples fall  
The smallest flower célestial.  
Take Woman as her God hath made her,  
And not as mankind may degrade her,  
Else as well may you take the storm,  
In all its hideousness, to form  
An estimate of nature's cheer,  
And glories of the bounteous year :

As well compare the summer flower  
With dark December's chilling shower,  
Or summer morning, pearl'd with dew,  
With winter's wan and deadly hue ;  
The purple ocean, calm and glowing,  
With ocean when the tempest's blowing,  
Then say with proud discourtesy,  
" This is the earth, and that the sea ;  
And this is woman—what you will  
Please you to say, she's Woman still ;  
And will be Woman, more or less  
A being prone to perverseness.  
Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,  
And hath not moral poet sung,  
That men to war or business take,  
But Woman is at heart a rake ?"  
Injurious Bard, such thing to say,  
Degraded be thy shameless lay,  
Such ruinous principle to own,  
And damning dogma to lay down ;  
'Tis false, woe to the blighted name  
That would attach promiscuous blame  
To all the gentle, fair, and wise,  
And only view to generalize.  
For me, I'm Woman's slave confest—  
Without her, hopeless and unblest ;  
And so are all, gainsay who can,  
For what would be the life of man,



If left in desert or in isle,  
Unlighted up by beauty's smile :  
Even though he boasted monarch's name,  
And o'er his own sex reign'd supreme,  
With thousands bending to his sway,  
If lovely Woman were away,  
What were his life ?—What could it be ?  
A vapour on a shoreless sea ;  
A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,  
Amongst the waste of waters lost ;  
A ship deserted in the gale,  
Without a steersman or a sail,  
A star, or beacon-light before,  
Or hope of haven evermore ;  
A thing without a human tie,  
Unloved to live, unwept to die.  
Then let us own through nature's reign  
Woman the light of her domain ;  
And if to maiden love not given,  
The dearest bliss below the heaven,  
At least due homage let us pay,  
In reverence of a parent's sway,  
To that dear sex whose favour still  
Our guerdon is in good or ill—  
A motive that can never cloy  
Our glory, honour, and our joy ;  
And humbly on our bended knee  
Acknowledge her supremacy.

## THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

A FRAGMENT.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

“ A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight !” Their road was through a forest of fir trees ; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow ; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

“ It is dark, O my father !” said Enos, “ but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight. Ah, why dost thou groan so deeply ?”

“ Lead on, my child,” said Cain ; “ guide me, little child.” And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. “ The fir branches drip upon thee, my son.” “ Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and

the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? Is it because we are not so happy as they? Is it because I groan sometimes even as thou groanest?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans, he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him; and Cain lifted up his voice, and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air, O that I might be utterly no more; I desire to die; yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth, behold they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils, so I might abide in darkness and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the mighty one who is against me speaketh in

the wind of the cedar grove ; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, " Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher ;" and Cain said, " How knowest thou ?" and the child answered—" Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest ; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him, and Cain, being faint and feeble, rose slowly on his knees, and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright, and followed the child. The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly ; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before, and stood in the open air ; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness the child was affrighted, for the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire ; his hair was black, and matted into loathly curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and told, in a strange and terrible language, of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate ; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate ; the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of their white sand. You might wander on, and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence



of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn ; and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert ; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy mutely of things that then were not ; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the terrible groan the earth gave when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its points and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they arrived there they beheld a human shape ; his back was towards them, and they were coming up unperceived when they heard him smite his breast, and cry aloud, " Woe is me ! woe is me ! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

The face of Cain turned pale ; but Enos said, " Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that



I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O, my father! this is it;" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. Enos crept softly round the base of the rock, and stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed; and Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream; and ere he had recovered himself from the tumult of his agitation the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands—and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said, "The Creator of our father, who had

respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me—but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled

shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outrun Cain, and, turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the Child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground; and Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and walked slowly back to the rock; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovest, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered—"O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee:" and they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as their shadows.

## THE BLIND SOLDIER AND DAUGHTER.

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

OLD Soldier, old Soldier, the beams of the day  
That shone on thy sabre have long pass'd away,  
And thy sun is gone down, and thy few hairs are gray,  
Old Soldier.

The drum and the hurrahs, where victory led,  
No longer are heard on the battle-field red !  
Thy comrades in glory are scattered, or dead,  
Old Soldier.

Perhaps thou wert foremost of some gallant band,  
By Acre's white walls, or in that ancient land  
Where the Sphynx and gray Pyramid shaded the sand,  
Old Soldier.

Left lonely and poor, but to fortune resign'd,  
Forgetting the trumpet that clang'd in the wind,  
Thou turnest thy organ, unnoticed and blind,  
Old Soldier.



That red faded jacket still speaks of some pride,  
And a dutiful daughter is seen at thy side,  
To beat her light drum, or thy footsteps to guide,  
Old Soldier.

Ah ! woe to the heart that would seek to betray,  
Or lure from a desolate parent away,  
That dutiful child, and thy age's last stay !  
Old Soldier.

But may every true Briton, whose country is dear,  
Bestow a small boon, now the season is drear,  
The warm chimney-corner at Christmas to cheer,  
Old Soldier.

Then the thought of the days of past glory shall spring,  
And wiping one tear from thy cheek, thou shalt sing  
“ Old England for ever, and God save the King ! ”  
Old Soldier.



ON CHANTRY'S MONUMENT OF SLEEP-  
ING CHILDREN IN LITCHFIELD  
CATHEDRAL.

IF cherubs slumber, such is their repose,  
So motionless, so beautiful they lie ;  
While o'er their forms a soften'd splendour glows,  
And round their couch celestial breezes sigh.

And such the rest of Eve in Eden's bower,  
Her white brow beaming in the moonlight ray,  
Calm she reclined as some night-closing flower,  
To rise more radiant at the break of day.

And such our sleep in happy childhood, ere  
Thought, like a giant from his rest, awoke  
To bind the bounding heart, and fasten there  
His iron fetters and his heavy yoke.

Thus, as I gazed on that fair fashion'd child,  
Breathing the homage of the heart alone,  
In dreams of early blessedness beguiled,  
A silent captive at the sleeper's throne,

Young Mothers came, confessing with a kiss  
The babe the image of their first-born love ;  
Or wept for one " more beautiful than this,"  
Gone, from its cradle, to its rest above.

Blithe children stopp'd their laugh, they would not  
rouse

The gentle baby from its slumber deep ;  
While lofty eyes, and high unbending brows,  
Long'd for the silence of that dreamless sleep.

J.

## STANZAS.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

THEY are the sounds of former joy  
Still wafted on the evening's breeze,  
Sweet as, when erst a heedless boy,  
They used my ravish'd ear to please.

Methinks each happy voice I hear  
That mingled then in frolic's train,  
And, though no welcome friend is near,  
I fain must list—and list again ;

Nor tree is there that hath not been  
A shade for me in shower or sun,  
Nor flowery bank, that skirts the scene,  
Nor distant hill I have not won :

They flourish yet—in wonted prime—  
Then who the winged hours shall blame ?  
But tell me, thou deceptive Time !  
If those I loved are still the same ?

## THE KING.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN, ESQ.

FOR war and conquest and the Regent's days  
Let others ply the graceful arts of praise,  
Revive the pomp of arms on land and main,  
Awake the martial symphonies of Spain,  
Bid all the Regent's splendour blaze anew,  
And all His trophies crowd upon His view ;  
Make London's turrets strike up all their chimes  
To hail magnific guests of many climes ;  
Call Prussia from his amber throne afar,  
And thaw the gelid deep that binds the Czar ;  
And let the war-worn visitants repose  
Beneath the canopy of England's Rose.

What Roman triumph, where the savage throng  
Rejoiced at princes led in chains along,  
What spectacle of Nile, though Egypt saw  
Six harness'd kings her monarch's chariot draw,  
Could match the glory of that British feast  
For ancient thrones restored and kings releast ?

Proud were those days ; yet they, with all their pride  
And all the glare of Waterloo beside,  
Seem but dim heralds to a brighter day  
That glorifies THE KING's pacific sway.

Of warlike honour fickle is the boast ;  
The newest armour ever shines the most ;  
No banners charm the multitude like those  
Which last were bravely wrench'd from stubborn foes.  
The wreath of Cressy was but freshly made  
When Poictiers' laurels threw it into shade.  
Both Cressy's Victor and his dark mail'd Son  
Were overtopt when Agincourt was won.  
Fame, ever loving exploits that are new,  
As Blenheim once, now trumpets Waterloo,  
Whose one day's toil a richer harvest yields  
Than all the labours of a hundred fields.  
A few short lustres hence, in strong relief,  
On fortune's foreground stands some other chief ;  
Behind him Churchill's, ay, and Wellesley's, Shades  
In vain exalt their visionary blades.  
The favour'd god of those that worship strife  
Must stand before them in substantial life :  
And war's deciduous laurel only springs  
For living heroes and existing kings.

There is for kings a fame that never dies,  
A sunlike glory which itself supplies,  
The light that emanates from grateful minds,  
Defying envy, which its lustre blinds.



There is, for ever flowing and to flow,  
For Him who turns to joy his people's woe,  
A stream of love unwearied in its course,  
A nation's heart its warm and salient source.  
Through loyal veins, devolved from sires to sons,  
From age to age the faithful current runs,  
And bears for ever on in just renown  
The buoyant name that dignified a crown.  
One Patriot King has earn'd this meed of fame,  
And Ireland's voice will vindicate His claim.

The Lusian where delightful Minho glides  
May drown his wrongs in its oblivious tides \*,  
Forget the Prince that saved his land of vines  
And scared the Gaul from his polluted shrines ;  
The Spaniard, stung with disingenuous shame,  
May loath the arm that propt his tottering frame,  
Or lull'd by pride's strong opiate, fondly dream  
His own the glory, his Ally's a gleam :  
Recording Echoes from the Belgian Plain  
May thunder in Batavia's ears in vain,  
Nor move her placid sense of cold repose  
To one warm retrospect of friends and foes :  
France may not heed what Royal Neighbour's bower  
Preserved her lily from the spoiler's power,

\* The Roman soldiers were so charmed with the North of Portugal, where the Minho flows out of Spain into the sea, that it was said that river was their Lethe, which had made them forget their own country.

What generous hand, in season due, again  
Enthroned the stately plant beside the Seine :—  
All may disclaim, dissemble, or forget ;  
Not so will fervid Erin cancel debt.  
THE KING shall be the theme of fluent tongues,  
His praise the spirit of a nation's songs,  
His memory the soft melodious spell  
To make ambitious minstrelsy excel,  
And draw more music from the willing strings  
Than Erin's harp gave all her ancient kings.

But here—lest honest jealousy suspect  
A zealot-bard at court—the strain is check'd.  
This little book, that bears a sparkling name,  
Would gladly shine, but with innocuous flame.  
On not one eye with feeble ray oblique  
The jewel offer'd to THE KING would strike.

Shall then the bard that will not sing of wars,  
And must not touch one civic chord that jars,  
To solemn woods repair and glades serene,  
Where Windsor's reverend pile surmounts the scene,  
And claims the laud of song for Him who graced  
Its honour'd age with all the powers of Taste ?  
Alas, what bard but feels forlorn of hope  
Where stately Denham sung, and charming Pope ?  
How exquisitely sung ! and where the growth  
And spread of greatness now might baffle both ?

Shall London swell the verse ? By his command,  
Where hovels stood palacious dwellings stand.

The charter'd air may now the town explore,  
And light console the thresholds of the poor.  
Promoted art, and science nurst, evince,  
Through all that maze of life, the watchful Prince—  
“ But such a Prince,” (objects some cynic tongue)  
“ So grand of spirit, should be grandly sung.  
Too high on pinions frail 'tis rash to rise,  
Meridian splendours are for eagle-eyes.  
He who pretends to celebrate THE KING  
Should paint like Lawrence, or like Southey sing.”  
Yes : but to travel to the solar throne  
Is not an eagle's privilege alone ;  
Aloft with indefatigable wing  
The lark conveys his tribute to The King :  
Why should I not aspire as near the light,  
The dark cloud gone whose gloom repress the flight ?  
If feeble be the verse, the will was strong  
To greet the Monarch with a vigorous song.  
If with the skill his features are design'd  
My plume could trace his lineaments of mind,  
My boast would be the Artist to outdo,  
And show the nobler Portrait of the two.

## MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT AFTER A LONG  
ABSENCE.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON, ESQ.

TOUCH'D by the sun-light of the evening hour,  
The elm still rises near thy aged tower,  
Dear, pensive Harewood ; and in that rich ray  
E'en thy old lichen'd battlements seem gay,  
Through the bow'd windows streams the golden glow,  
The beam is sleeping on the tombs below ;  
While with its million flowers yon hedge-row fair  
Girts with green zone thy lowly house of prayer.  
No breeze plays with the amber leafage now,  
Still is the cypress, still the ivy bough ;  
And but for that fleet bird that darts around  
Thy spire, or glancing o'er the hallow'd ground,  
Titters for very joy : how strange and deep  
The silence where the lost, the loved ones sleep !  
Beside—there is nor lay, nor voice, nor breath,  
A happy living thing where all around is death !

Dear, pensive Harewood, let no wanton feet  
Profane the stillness of thy blest retreat ;  
For here dove-eyed affection seeks relief,  
And tastes, unmark'd, the luxury of grief.  
How sweet to view where on those hillocks green  
The sacred hand of piety\* has been !  
The summer winds breathe fragrance as they pass,  
Rich hues are mingled with the pleasant grass ;  
There the meek daisy lifts its lowly head,  
The lily droops above the honour'd dead ;  
Around the violet flings its rich perfume,  
And roses, earliest roses, bud and bloom ;  
The woodbine clasps the monumental urn,  
And oft when friendship hither hastes to mourn,  
She hears the wild bee hum—the wild bird sing,  
And all the touching melodies of Spring ;  
While one clear silvery rill that strays along  
Chaunts in her ear its pure, sweet under-song.

\* The beautiful custom of planting flowers on the graves of the departed yet lingers in some parts of Wales and of Devon. In Glamorganshire they plant to this day the white rose, emblem of Love and Chastity, upon the virgin's grave.

The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear,  
Lest haply it disturb the friend below.

Is it not perfectly touching and beautiful to mark where the hand of piety has been engaged in this delightful office ? At Barnes, near Richmond, in Surrey, an annual sum is paid to a poor man who guards a rose tree which is planted on a grave.



So should the dead be honour'd, so should be  
Their last, dear resting place by brook and tree ;  
So should Affection sprinkle round the tomb,  
As Spring awakes, the loveliest flowers that bloom.  
Sun, shower, and breeze, should quicken, cherish,  
    here,  
The freshest, fairest verdure of the year ;  
The elm, with leaf untouch'd, with bough unriven,  
Lift his majestic trunk, and rise to heaven ;  
The oak, of nameless age, should proudly wave  
His hundred hoary arms above the grave ;  
While birds of plaintive voice should through the grove  
Pour the heart-soothing lay of Pity and of Love.

And still the village fane its tower uprears,  
Safe from the tempests of a thousand years ;  
Still in their ancient strength those walls arise,  
And brave the rudest shocks of wintry skies.  
The massive door is open, let me trace  
With reverential foot the solemn place :  
Ah, let me enter, once again, the pew  
Where the child nodded as the sermon grew ;  
Scene of soft slumbers ! I remember now  
The chiding finger, and the frowning brow,  
Of stern reprovers, when the lusty June  
Flung through the glowing aisles the drowsy noon ;  
And, scared in vain, oblivion long and deep  
Shut the tired eye, at last, in conquering sleep ;

Till, closed the learn'd harangue, with solemn look  
Arose the chaunter of the sacred book—  
The parish clerk, death silenced, far-famed then  
And justly, for his long and loud "Amen."  
Clear was his tone, and his exulting eye  
Glanced to the ready choir, enthroned on high,  
Nor glanced in vain : the simple-hearted throng  
Lifted their voices, and dissolved in song :  
Till in one tide deep rolling, full and free,  
Rang through the echoing pile—old England's psal-  
mody.

See, halfway down the vale whose vagrant stream  
Rolls those bright waters, oft the poet's theme ;  
True to the call of his own village bells,  
Sweet call to him, the village pastor dwells.  
Shepherd of Harewood, peace has bless'd thy days,  
A calm, half century of prayer and praise,  
And though the snows of Time are on thy head,  
Yet is thy step not weak—thy vigour fled ;  
Not yet those snows that on thy temples lie  
Have dimm'd the fires which sparkle in thine eye ;  
Sweet flow the strains of that unbroken voice  
Which bids the sinner fear, the saint rejoice :  
How oft, to wake the unrepentant, falls  
The burst of eloquence around these walls !  
Still, thronging deep, the listening crowd admire  
That eye of lightning and that lip of fire ;

Hang on the cheering truths that richly flow,  
Warm with the theme, and share the holy glow ;  
List thy love-breathing voice at morn and even,  
And wake the hymn that lifts the soul to heaven.

My native village ! thou hast still the power  
To charm me, as in boyhood's raptured hour.  
Years have roll'd on—chance, change have pass'd  
o'er me,

Since last I gambol'd on thy flowery lea ;  
And there thou art—each scene so known, so true,  
The very picture which my Memory drew !  
Ah, Harewood, early doom'd from thee to roam,  
Fair was that sketch which Fancy form'd of Home !  
Care, absence, distance, as to thee I turn'd,  
But fed the local fire which inly burn'd ;  
And Hope oft whisper'd that, all perils past,  
In thy dear valley I should rest at last.

Whence is this wondrous sympathy that draws  
Our souls to HOME by its mysterious laws,  
Where'er we wander, and with stronger love  
Sways the touch'd heart more distant as we rove ?  
Ask of the soldier, who in climes afar  
Stands undismay'd amid the ranks of war ;  
Who with unfaltering foot where thousands fall,  
Advancing, gives his bosom to the ball ;

Or with a passive courage nobler still,  
Undaunted bears of strife the every ill ;—  
Unmurmuring suffers all that man can bear,  
Firm to sustain, and resolute to dare !—  
Ask of him what hath nerved his arm in fight,  
And cheer'd his soul in visions of the night ;—  
That mid the deep, dark gloom, the tempest's wrath,  
Oft flung a ray of comfort on his path !  
'Twas the sweet wish once more to view the strand,  
Far, far away, his own—his native land ;  
To live again where first he drew his breath,  
And sleep, at last, with those he loved, in Death.  
Blest Home ! wherever seated—placed on high  
Some cot amid the mountains, where the cry  
Of the king eagle mingles with the gale,  
And the storm bursts that never sweeps the vale ;  
Or found in dells where glows the southern ray,  
Flowers bloom, birds sing, and gales delicious play :—  
Blest Home ! wherever seated—sweetest—best  
Of all, on earth, to him—his hope—his rest,  
No more a sorrowing exile doom'd to be,  
Harewood, dear Harewood, thus I turn to thee !

Yes, ye are fair as ever—field and wood,  
And cots that gem the calm, green solitude ;  
And harvests, ripening in the golden gleam,  
And flowers, rich fringing all yon wayward stream.



The village green uplifts its age-worn trees,  
And flings young voices on the evening breeze ;  
The rill which flow'd of old yet freshly flows,  
The lake still spreads in beautiful repose ;  
There waves the very grove whose walks among,  
I oft have stray'd to hear the blackbird's song.  
Long may the wild bird that sweet refuge know—  
Cursed be the axe that lays its leafage low—  
Long bless'd as now with minstrelsy and flowers,  
Rise, Harewood, rise amid thy blushing bowers ;  
And as yon stream,\* its moorland journey past,  
Glides smoothly through the unechoing vales at last,  
So, spent with toil in life's tumultuous day,  
A pilgrim fainting from his rugged way—  
Sweet on thy peaceful bosom let me rest,  
Like a tired bird in its own quiet nest ;  
And find, how exquisite to find it, there  
Life's stormy noon crown'd with a sunset fair.

\* The scene of these lines is in Devon, in the S. W. of which the moorland streams, after foaming o'er beds strewed with enormous masses of granite, flow, at last, smoothly through the most beautiful scenery.



SCENES REVISITED.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

TIME was I loved your giant forms,  
When melting in the cloudless heaven,  
But—most when were the dark wing'd storms  
Along your naked summits driven.

And though your paths were steep and rude,  
And bleak or sultry was the weather,  
I loved you for your solitude,  
Your yielding fern, and bloomy heather.

No more, my native hills! ye seem  
As erst of human culture bare,  
Where now nor circling plover screams,  
Nor moorcock bursts from braky lair.

Your corn is nodding in the breeze,  
Your flocks on uplands green recline,  
And scatter'd groups of infant trees  
Have broken your majestic line.

Oh ! had I not a rambler been,  
Nor ye my haunt of other days,  
I might have own'd the improving scene,  
And paid to Art her meed of praise.

But—where is now the wild expanse,  
The draught of free, salubrious air ?—  
I cannot brook another glance—  
Defaced remains of what ye were !

## HUMAN LIFE.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

HALF in day, and half in night,  
Chiefly prized when least in sight,  
With possession more desiring,  
Groveling now, and now aspiring,  
Sensitive, with want of feeling,  
Backward wandering, onward stealing,  
Child of light, in darkness lost,  
Boasting then of light the most;  
Little knowing, ever prying,  
Always living, always dying,  
Craving peace, yet loving strife—  
Sum them up!—the whole is Life.

## LOVE AND FOLLY.\*

BY J. P. COLLIER.

Love and Folly were invited  
To a banquet given on high  
By old Jove ; and sought, united,  
The star-chamber of the sky.  
Love and Folly from their birth  
Chiefly dwelt with men on earth,  
Full of mischief and of mirth.

On arriving they disputed  
Who should enter first the gate ;  
And with Folly well it suited  
Such a question to debate.  
Love, not oft disposed to care  
How he enter'd any where,  
Folly's pride but ill could bear.

\* La Fontaine thought this subject (first treated by Louise Labé in 1555 in French prose, and translated into English by Robert Greene in the reign of Elizabeth) worth his pen.—*Fables*, Lib. xii. No. 14.

Folly stood on his precedence,  
Older, not so old in sins ;  
Cupid gave his claim no credence,  
Love and Folly must be twins.  
So from words to blows they flew,  
And they fought, as boys will do,  
Till Love's eyes were black and blue.

Folly had some trifling scratches ;  
And while Love lay on the ground,  
As they use at boxing matches,  
Both his swollen eyes he bound.  
But he tied the knot so hard,  
All the power of gods it marr'd  
Folly's bandage to discard.

Vulcan tried, but he, two-fisted,  
Only made the urchin cry ;  
Mars essay'd, but it resisted ;  
Pallas was too wise to try.  
Hermes was too sly a thief  
To spoil sport and give relief ;  
Venus could not do't for grief.

Hymen only tighter drew it :  
Should his own knot prove a curse,  
When petition'd to undo it,  
Ten to one he makes it worse.



Venus then to Jove complain'd  
Of the wrong her boy sustain'd,  
And so Folly was arraign'd.

He at bar "not guilty" pleaded,  
Charged with making Cupid blind,  
And besought, ere they proceeded,  
Counsel be to him assign'd.  
Mercury was named by Jove,  
While Apollo stood for Love,  
In the Olympic court above.

All the facts upon the trial  
Were establish'd to their shame ;  
Cupid could not make denial,  
He had also been to blame :  
And, though prosecutor now,  
Cross-examined, must allow  
He had help'd to make the row.

Both were guilty. Jove suspended  
Sentence for ten thousand years ;  
And, the trial being ended,  
Ruled, as by record appears,  
They should journey side by side,  
And through nations far and wide  
Folly still be Cupid's guide.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

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LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT TO SIR ADAM  
FERGUSON, DESCRIPTIVE OF A PICTURE PAINTED  
AT ABBOTSFORD BY DAVID WILKIE, ESQ. R.A.,  
AND EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN  
1818.

MY DEAR ADAM—The picture you mention has something in it of rather a domestic character, as the personages are represented in a sort of masquerade, such being the pleasure of the accomplished painter. Nevertheless, if you, the proprietor, incline to have it engraved, I do not see that I am entitled to make any objection.

But Mr. \* \* \* mentions, besides, a desire to have anecdotes of my private and domestic life, or, as he expresses himself, a portrait of the author in his nightgown and slippers; and this from you, who, I dare say, could furnish some anecdotes of our younger days which might now seem ludicrous enough. Even as to my nightgown and slippers, I believe the time has been when the articles of my wardrobe were as familiar to your memory as Poins's

to Prince Henry, but that period has been for some years past ; and I cannot think it would be interesting to the public to learn that I had changed my old robe-de-chambre for a handsome douillette, when I was last at Paris.

The truth is, that a man of ordinary sense cannot be supposed delighted with the species of gossip which, in the dearth of other news, recurs to such a quiet individual as myself ; and, though like a well behaved lion of twenty years standing, I am not inclined to vex myself about what I cannot help, I will not, in any case in which I can prevent it, be accessory to these follies. There is no man known at all in literature who may not have more to tell of his private life than I have : I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance as that of the “ weary knife-grinder.”

“ Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, Sir.”

The follies of youth ought long since to have passed away ; and if the prejudices and absurdities of age have come in their place, I will keep them, as Beau Tibbs did his prospect, for the amusement of my domestic friends. A mere enumeration of the persons in the sketch is all which I can possibly permit to be published respecting myself and my

family ; and, as must be the lot of humanity when we look back seven or eight years, even what follows cannot be drawn up without some very painful recollections.

The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merrymaking, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon Hills. 1. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the County of Roxburgh. 2. In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight, Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland. 3. In the background is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at the time, painted in his own character of a shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. He used to claim credit for three things unusual among the southland shepherds : first, that he had never been *fou* in the course of his life ; secondly, that he never had struck a man in anger ; thirdly, that though entrusted with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. He died soon afterwards at Abbotsford. 4, 5, 6. Of the three female figures,

the elder is the late regretted mother of the family represented. 5. The young person most forward in the group is Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. John Gibson Lockhart; and 6. her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as ewe-milkers, with their *leglins*, or milkpails. 7. On the left hand of the shepherd, the young man holding a fowling-piece is the eldest son of Sir Walter, now Captain in the King's Hussars. 8. The boy is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott, now of Brazenose College, Oxford. The two dogs were distinguished favourites of the family; the large one was a staghound of the old Highland breed, called Maida, and one of the handsomest dogs that could be found; it was a present to me from the chief of Glengary, and was highly valued, both on account of his beauty, his fidelity, and the great rarity of the breed. The other is a little Highland terrier, called *Ourisk* (goblin), of a particular kind, bred in Kintail. It was a present from the Honourable Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie, and is a valuable specimen of a race which is now also scarce. Maida, like Bran, Luath, and other dogs of distinction, slumbers "beneath his stone," distinguished by an epitaph, which, to the honour of Scottish scholarship be it spoken, has only *one* false quantity in *two* lines.

Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida  
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.



Ourisk still survives, but, like some other personages in the picture, with talents and temper rather the worse for wear. She has become what Dr. Ratty, the Quaker, records himself in his journal as having sometimes been—sinfully dogged and snappish.

If it should suit Mr. \*\*\*'s purpose to adopt the above illustrations, he is heartily welcome to them ; but I make it my especial bargain that nothing more is said upon such a meagre subject.

It strikes me, however, that there is a story about old Thomas Scott, the shepherd, which is characteristic, and which I will make your friend welcome to. Tom was, both as a trusted servant, and as a rich fellow in his line, a person of considerable importance among his class in the neighbourhood, and used to stickle a good deal to keep his place in public opinion. Now he suffered, in his own idea at least, from the consequence assumed by a country neighbour, who, though neither so well reputed for wealth nor sagacity as Thomas Scott, had yet an advantage over him, from having seen the late King, and used to take precedence upon all occasions when they chanced to meet. Thomas suffered under this superiority. But after the sketch was finished, and exhibited in London, the newspapers, made it known that his present Majesty had condescended to take some notice of it. Delighted with the circumstance, Thomas Scott set out on a most oppressively hot day to walk five miles

to Bowden, where his rival resided. He had no sooner entered the cottage than he called out in his broad forest dialect,—“ Andro', man, did ye anes *sey* (see) the King?” “ In troth did I, Tam,” answered Andro'; “ sit down, and I'll tell ye a' about it:—ye *sey*, I was at Lonon, in a place they ca' the park, that is, no like a hained hog-fence, or like the four-nooked parks in this country—” “ Hout awa,” said Thomas, “ I have heard a' that before: I only came owre the Know now to tell you, that, if you have seen the king, the king has seen *mey*” (me). And so he returned with a jocund heart, assuring his friends “ it had done him muckle gude to settle accounts with Andro'.”

*Jocose hæc*—as the old Laird of Restalrig writes to the Earl of Gowrie—farewell, my old, tried, and dear friend of forty long years. Our enjoyments must now be of a character less vivid than those we have shared together,

But still at our lot it were vain to repine,  
Youth cannot return, or the days of Lang Syne.

Yours affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, August 2, 1827.

## RITRATTO DI UGO FOSCOLO.

SCRITTO DA ESSO.

SOLCATA ho fronte ; occhi incavati intenti ;  
Crin fulvo, emunte guance, ardito aspetto  
Labbri tumidi, arguti, al riso lenti ;  
Capo chino, bel collo, irsuto petto :  
Membra esatte ; vestir semplice, eletto ;  
Ratti i passi, i pensier, gli atti, gli accenti :  
Sobrio, ostinato, umano, ispido, schietto ;  
Avverso al mondo, avversi a me gli eventi.  
Mesto i più giorni, e solo ; ognor pensoso :  
Alle speranze incredulo e al timore ;  
Il pudor me fa vile, e prode l'ira.  
Parlami astuta la ragion ; ma il core  
Ricco di viri e di virtù, delira—  
Fors'io da morte avrò fama e riposo.

## PORTRAIT OF UGO FOSCOLO.

BY HIMSELF.

A FURROW'D brow, intent and deep sunk eyes,  
Fair hair, lean cheeks, are mine, and aspect bold ;  
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise,  
Bent head and fine form'd neck, breast rough and  
cold,  
Limbs well composed ; simple in dress, yet choice :  
Swift or to move, act, think, or thoughts unfold.  
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,  
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old.  
Ofttimes alone and mournful. Evermore  
Most pensive—all unmoved by hope or fear :  
By shame made timid, and by anger brave.—  
My subtle reason speaks : but, ah ! I rave,  
'Twixt vice and virtue, hardly know to steer :  
Death may for me have FAME and rest in store.

M. S.

TO A LADY OF THANET.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN, ESQ.

Go, cross the wave, and be awhile  
The cynosure of Belgian eyes,  
Enchant them with thy radiant smile,  
Then leave them lost in blind surprise !

Come back ! and Thanet's Isle shall greet  
Thy beauty issuing from the sea :  
Like golden dust about thy feet  
The sand shall gleam when prest by Thee.

From Ramsgate's mole, whose marble claws  
In dalliance clip the fretted tide,  
To where the mining billow gnaws  
At staunch Reculver's ancient pride,

Thy coming shall a joy diffuse ;  
And, like a thousand flags unfurl'd,  
A thousand wings of wild seamews  
Shall round thy bark be gladly whirl'd.



In cells subaqueous, quaint with weeds,  
    Fresh gather'd many a fathom deep ;  
In grottos gemm'd with pearly beads  
    The Nymphs a festal day shall keep.

The chalky caves shall echoing sound  
    To horn and shell of Tritons hoar ;  
And Nereids, in the giddy round  
    Of dance, shall print the wave-swept floor.

Sea-heralds too the cliffs shall climb,  
    And call from telegraph and towers ;  
With them Æolian airs shall chime,  
    To breathe the news to birds and flowers.

The corn field flowers with azure eyes  
    Their truant queen shall welcome home ;  
The larks in livelier lyrics rise  
    To hail thee fresh from ocean's foam.

The inland waters, Nethergong,  
    And sinuous Stour, the island bourne,\*  
They, too, aroused, shall glide along,  
    Like waters that have ceased to mourn.

\* The Island of Thanet is bounded by the sea on the northern and eastern sides, by the river Stour on the south, and on the west by the water called the Nethergong.

And when, at last, the spangled hour  
Of glowworms, stars, and pharos' lights  
Warns beauty to her dew-proof bower,  
A dream-song then thine ear invites.

For, chanting to the vesper wind,  
Mermaidens shall thy praise declare,  
While, sitting on the shore, they bind  
With coral combs their sea-green hair.

But if these shadowy lures should fail  
To draw thy wandering mind's concern,  
A warmer strain may yet prevail  
Than flows from Fancy's mystic urn.

We call thee from the foreign strand,  
In every kind affection's name,  
By every friend's extended hand,  
And every early feeling's claim.

Thou art invoked by home's strong spell  
And memory's persuasive arts ;  
And by that charm thou knowest well,  
Thy beauty's power o'er human hearts.

The drowsy graces dully nod,  
Their wings the airy pleasures fold,  
The quiver of the archer-god  
Inactive keeps its shafts of gold.

Hope slumbers like Indifference mask'd,  
And aimless Feeling wants a mark ;  
While hearts that in thy beauty bask'd,  
Are cold till thy return, and dark.

The clouded senses idly wait  
Until thy presence on them shines ;  
Without the sun, the dial-plate  
Is vainly stored with types and lines.

Come back ! these vapours then shall fleet,  
The spirits upwards lightly pass,  
As fluid silver, cheer'd by heat,  
Ascends its slender tube of glass.

## SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

WHEN dead is all the vigour of the frame,  
And the dull heart beats languid, notes of praise  
May issue the desponding sprite to raise :  
But weakly strikes the voice of slow-sen<sup>t</sup> fame ;  
Empty we deem the echo of a name :  
Inward we turn ; we list no fairy lays ;  
Nor seek on golden palaces to gaze ;  
Nor wreaths from groups of smiling fair to claim !  
Thus strange is fate :—we meet the hollow cheer,  
When struck by age, the cold insensate ear  
No more with trembling ecstasy can hear.  
But yet one thought a lasting joy can give  
That we, as not for self alone we live,  
To others bore the boon, we would from them receive !







W. H. B. 1801

W. H. B. 1801

THE AFRICAN DAUGHTER.

## LORENZINO IL TRADITORE.

BY J. W. BROWN, ESQ.

IT was one of the brightest evenings that ever closed an Italian winter's day during the Carnival of 1536. The expiring rays of a brilliant sunset had ceased to illuminate the towers of the Seignory and Duomo of Florence, with its splendid tints of purple and gold, and the crowd of gay masks which had lately thronged the terrace of the Lung' Arno were hastening to their respective habitations. As the day drew towards a close, a young man cautiously fastening the garden-gate of the Soderini Palace which opens on the terrace of the left bank of the Arno, crossed the "Ponte alla Caraja," and endeavoured to escape observation by mingling with the festive groups that were now retiring in search of new pleasures. His agitated and anxious mien strongly contrasted with the gay scene which he seemed unable to enjoy, and he almost smiled at the childishness of his fellow citizens in being amused with such frivolous pursuits; but aware of the danger of expressing those sentiments, he forced

himself to take an apparent interest in what was going forward, until he became the only person on the Lung' Arno, so lately crowded with the fair and gay. Enveloping himself more closely in his mantle, he leant over the parapet of the river, as if in expectation of some one whom he was to meet on that spot. With his eyes fixed on the water, he seemed utterly unconscious of where he was, or for what he was waiting, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a man in a black domino, who having carefully ascertained that no one was in sight, whispered in his ear the word, "Libertas."\*

The young man started at the sound of the stranger's voice, and he exclaimed in an under-tone—"Did I not know that the person to whom those accents should belong is now far distant in honourable banishment, I should hail thee by the name of my first and most valued friend. Say then, who art thou, that has insisted on meeting one who has little to live for in this world, and less to hope for in the next."

"Is distance, then, so insurmountable a barrier," inquired the stranger, "that insult and oppression should fail to stimulate our nobler feelings into action, and excite us to revenge the evils which we

\* The motto of the Soderini family.



cannot avert? Thou must, indeed, be the person for whom I took thee," interrupted the young man, warmly grasping the hand of his friend; "for when did any idea of danger or self-interest keep the noble Filippo Strozzi from the post of honour?" "Rightly judged, my friend," returned the mask, affectionately embracing him, "I rejoice to find thee still the same. But in addition to the reports I heard of the encroachments made on the liberties of Florence, I was informed that thou wert the principal friend and confidant of the tyrant; the sharer of his licentious pleasures, the encourager of his vices, and the director of his councils. Lorenzino! I have loved thee as my child, educated in the most liberal principles by thy mother, and confided in thy earliest youth to my care—say, did the instructions of either instil into thy mind one thought unworthy of thy name and reputation. Speak, Lorenzino, only say thou art not what thou seemest, and I will believe thee?"

In the greatest agitation the youth was preparing to reply, when several masks appeared on the Ponte Trinita, carrying a number of lighted torches which illuminated the whole bridge, and threw a faint light on the two friends, gradually becoming stronger as they advanced. "Save thyself, Strozzi," he hastily exclaimed, "and put not too much faith in outward appearances. But for God's

sake take care of thyself, and let me know where and how I may find thee." "Thou wilt see me when thou least expect it," returned Filippo, suddenly disappearing round the western corner of the Piazza Trinita, by taking advantage of which he was soon out of sight.

The splendid cavalcade now rapidly approached, and the young man coming forward with an air of gaiety, exclaimed, "Where now, Salviati? what means this festive pageant and gay attire? Art thou not sufficiently dangerous to the fair sex in thine own person that thou must needs seek the aid of chivalry and romance. The person whom he addressed was Guiliano Salviati, one of the Duca Alessandro's most libertine favourites: himself and his companions were magnificently attired in different costumes, representing the principal characters in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which, from its recent publication, was the favourite theme of the day. Flattered by the compliment, Salviati replied in the same tone, "Myself, and the gallant Knights, my companions, are proceeding to thy princely kinsman's palace, the magnificence of whose halls far surpass aught that the Court of Charlemagne himself could offer to our imaginations; and we shall feel ourselves too happy if the noble Lorenzino de Medici will honour us with his company."

Delighted at having so good an opportunity of



returning unquestioned to the palace, Lorenzino gladly accepted the proposed invitation ; and readily entering into the character of his new companions, he rallied them by turns on their intrigues, amours, and different amusements, adroitly mingling something personally agreeable to each individual whom he addressed. No one possessed the art of pleasing, when he chose to exert it, in a greater degree than Lorenzino de Medici, and his gay companions listened to him with delight, as they advanced to the palace of his kinsman, the Duca Alessandro, who was to give a splendid entertainment that evening to the nobility of Florence in honour of his young bride, Margaret of Austria, who had just arrived from Naples.

The palace of the Medici was splendidly illuminated in lines of light, according to the custom of the times, so disposed as to display the architectural outlines of the facade of the palace, and the magnificent cornice, the work of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Between each of the two rows of windows, torches were placed in iron sockets, which, with the blaze of lights from within, admirably shewed the peculiar designs of the windows, built in an oblong form, and divided in the centre by small columns of the Composite order ; while the standards of the Medici and their allies, placed in iron rings along

the front of the palace, proudly waved over the heads of the surrounding populace.

Passing through the magnificent court of this princely residence, thronged with guards and attendants, they made their way to the upper apartments, where they were received by pages and chamberlains splendidly attired, though in greater numbers than the occasion seemed to require. But the Duca Alessandro knew too well the tenure by which he held the government of Florence to neglect any means of providing for his personal safety. In the midst of pleasure he was in continual dread of poison or assassination: his splendid robe, like the smile upon his countenance which hid the depravity of his heart, covered a coat of armour which he never laid aside. As they advanced through the splendid apartments, the guests had ample reason to be convinced that the Medici had lost little of their wealth and power during their exile, whatever they might have suffered in the estimation of their fellow-citizens. Every room was a museum, containing the greatest rarities from all parts of the world; while the richest produce of the Florentine looms decorated the walls with the most costly hangings of silk and gold. At the upper end of the ground saloon, under a splendid canopy of crimson-velvet, fringed, and embroidered with gold, two chairs of state were

placed on a platform raised one step above the level of the apartment, covered with the finest carpets of the East. The company were already assembled either habited in masks or in costume, magnificently dressed in honour of the young bride. They were dispersed about the apartments in groups, listening to music, or joining in the dance, except those in immediate attendance on the young princess, who was seated on one of the chairs of state, receiving the homage of the different parties as they arrived. The Duke appeared to be in high spirits, and was conversing with some of his favourites when Salviati's party advanced to pay their respects to the Duchess: touching Lorenzino familiarly on the shoulder, he exclaimed in a tone of pleasantry, "How now, Lorenzino? Art thou become one of us? Does our philosopher condescend to doff his usual simplicity of attire, or hast thou in reality turned courtier?"

"I would turn any thing to serve your excellency, or even to give you pleasure," returned Lorenzino, "but I thought a kinsman's congratulations would not be acceptable to a young princess, if proffered with aught of sadness either in dress or manner."

"Thou hast no reason to be sad, Lorenzino. Dost thou not enjoy the favour of thy prince beyond all others? Art thou not a Medici?" "I am," sternly replied Lorenzino; but hastily correcting

himself he added, "your excellency knows my moody spirit and wayward disposition; if I do not flatter thee with the servility of a courtier, it is because I love thee with the sincerity of a kinsman."

"We are well-persuaded of thy love; perhaps the more so that thou sayest the least about it," returned the Duke, taking his kinsman familiarly by the arm, and leading him to a remote part of the room, where they might converse without restraint or interruption.

As they stood apart from the rest of the company, the contrast between them was particularly striking. The Duke was a tall, robust, powerful man, rather inclined to corpulency: his countenance was stern and unpleasant, his complexion dark, with thick lips and curly hair, which almost gave him the appearance of an African. Lorenzino, though well made, was of delicate form and small stature, with a most intelligent countenance expressive of the energy of his disposition, which gave him as much mental advantage over the Duke, as he was superior to him in strength and size. After expatiating on the prosperity of his political situation, to which his auditor listened with an appearance of deep interest, Alessandro advanced towards the Duchess leaning on his kinsman's arm. The crowd made way as they approached, while with his most gracious manner he introduced his cousin to his wife, who



received him with the affectionate confidence due to so near a relative.

As the Duke mingled with the gay assembly, Lorenzino continued leaning on the Duchess's chair, with an expression of melancholy that ill accorded with the scene before him. Naturally proud and high-spirited, he felt the humiliation of his assumed character; and not all his philosophy could silence the voice of conscience, or reconcile him to the treachery he was so remorselessly practising. He was therefore greatly relieved when the Duchess's departure permitted him to leave the palace, and bury the bitterness of his reflections in the solitude of his own home.

Released from the degrading necessity of supporting a feigned character, Lorenzino hastened to secure himself from all interruption, that he might have leisure to reflect on his situation, and form some resolution as to his future conduct. The scene he had just witnessed had unusually softened his heart, and he abhorred more than ever the glaring treachery of his conduct. But although the Duke's confiding friendship had awakened remorse, he could not but consider him as the tyrant of his country, as his own political enemy, and the usurper of his rights. He stifled all feelings of relationship for his cousin, and persuaded himself that he believed the report of his being the child of Pope



Clement VII. by an African slave, because he wished it to be true, and felt that his conduct needed an excuse. He was also deeply pledged to the "fuorusciti," at the head of which party was his old friend Filippo Strozzi, whom he revered as his early instructor, and had still more powerful motives for desiring to retain his friendship.

There are few characters so replete with evil as to have no redeeming quality ; and Lorenzino de Medici was by no means one of those. Education and circumstances had made him what he was : republicanism was almost hereditary in his family : his hatred of the elder branch of the house of Medici had descended to him from his father and his grandfather, and as the only representatives of that line were natural children, he considered himself as the lawful successor to the government of Florence in a direct line from their common ancestor Giovanni de Bicci.

Deprived of his father in his youth, his education devolved on his mother, a lady of the Soderini family, who inculcated the strongest republican principles into his mind, and with the assistance of Messer Filippo Strozzi taught him to despise all modern institutions. His opinions were therefore formed on the model of the ancients : he thought suicide no crime, believed in predestination, and considered every thing justifiable which expediency required.

He was a devoted admirer of literature and the fine arts, and resided for some time at the court of his kinsman Pope Clement VII. where he would probably have been contented with admiring the beauties of antiquity without a wish to have furnished a parallel in his own times. But the Pope's inconsiderate resentment by expelling him from Rome on a charge of having taken off the heads or otherwise mutilated the statues in the Arch of Constantine during the preceding night, awakened his dormant ambition. Breathing nothing but revenge for this disgrace, he returned to Florence determined on becoming the liberator of his country ; and he thought no means too vile that would ensure his success in so glorious an undertaking. A very Proteus in deception, he could assume whatever character he pleased ; and he was now the intimate friend, confidential minister, and profligate associate of the man whose destruction he coolly meditated.

The great similarity in feelings and situation between the Strozzi and Soderini families drew them closer together, and Lorenzino having no brothers or sisters of his own to love, regarded them with fraternal tenderness. Nor is it to be wondered at, that constantly in their society, and treated by Messer Filippo as if he had been his own son, that he should have centred all his early dreams of happiness amongst them. These ties were increased by the

affection he bore to Filippo's daughter Luisa. They had been playmates as children, inseparable companions in youth, until their growing attachment, increasing with their years, had ripened into love. His passion for her was the only tie that bound him to the world; it was the tenure by which he held his life; it was the spark of his existence, which once extinguished would leave nought but misery behind. He hated mankind, but he loved Luisa; and his very hate to them increased his love to her. It was the only remaining feeling that connected him with his fellow-creatures, and was then the cause of his anguish and remorse; for he could not bear that the beautiful Luisa Strozzi should for a moment suppose him the associate of the Duke's profligate intrigues, and libertine amusements; and yet it was necessary to the success of his enterprize that he should appear such. He could not open his heart to her, as his political secrets did not belong to himself alone; too many were involved in the transaction to expose their safety to accident. Besides, he well knew that Luisa, much as she participated in her family's abhorrence of the tyrant, could never have been brought to approve of the treacherous dissimulation of his conduct. His love to her was the only consideration that withheld him from the crime he meditated; for even supposing that every thing succeeded to his wishes, how could

he dare to offer the hand of a murderer, yet reeking with the blood of his own near relation, to one so pure and lovely? The highest situation in the republic, the utmost that gratified ambition could bestow, he well knew would not console Luisa for his loss of virtue: she could not trust her happiness to a traitor; she could not repose in the arms of a murderer;—and this idea weighed down his spirit, and almost annihilated his purpose.

These insupportable reflections were interrupted by the entrance of his late companion on the Lung' Arno, cautiously enveloped in his black domino. "Did I not tell thee, Lorenzino," he exclaimed, "that thou wouldst see me when thou least expected it? But thou art not like thyself, my friend; why is thy noble spirit so cast down?" "Ah! Filippo, the approach to crime is easy, but there are moments when one regrets the paths of virtue," returned Lorenzino. "I was thinking how one could support the reputation of a murderer. For should our object fail,—should our fellow-citizens, immersed in pleasure, be deaf to the call of liberty, what remains to us but to be scouted from the haunts of men, and to become outcasts on the face of the earth?"

"Does thy heart fail thee then, Lorenzino? Wilt thou desert thy friends?" "Neither, Filippo," interrupted Lorenzino, "my purpose is too sternly fixed to admit of alteration. I adopted it under the



full conviction of the justice of my motives ; but although I would cheerfully lay down my life to procure my country's freedom, my honour is still dearer to me ; and even if future ages should do justice to my reputation, there is another consideration still more weighty that stays my hand, and almost causes me to waver in my determination." Lorenzino's agitation became so great that he was obliged to pause for a few moments, while Filippo stood looking at him as if he would penetrate to the bottom of his heart.

" Doubt me not, Filippo," proceeded Lorenzino, replying as it were to his friends looks ; " I am innocent of any thing like treachery to thee or thine ; and I will now tell thee what oppresses my spirits and weighs down my heart. Thou hast been the guide of my inexperienced youth, and thou knowest every feeling that animates my soul. My love for thy fair daughter Luisa has long received thy sanction ; and she is dearer to me than life, than honour, than even liberty itself. Tell me then, Filippo, and tell me truly," he exclaimed with the utmost vehemence of gesture and expression, " can thy daughter wed a murderer ?" " Say rather, can the daughter of Filippo Strozzi hesitate for one moment to wed the liberator of her country ! Thou knowest Lorenzino," he calmly continued, " that in happier times I approved thy early love : judge then with how



much more joy I should press to my heart the son of my choice in the hero who had restored freedom to Florence."

Filippo Strozzi was relieved from a heavy burthen of anxiety in finding love to be the sole cause of Lorenzino's dejection; and he used every effort to calm and restore him to his wonted placidity. He succeeded by degrees in bringing him round to his purpose; and Lorenzino listened attentively while he detailed the situation of the "fuorusciti," and explained their different plans for bringing about a revolution in Florence. Although not an exile himself, Filippo Strozzi had long been the object of the Duke's suspicions, who, afraid to attack him openly on account of his great wealth and influence, detained him at the court of France as his ambassador to his most Christian Majesty; and he had now returned secretly to Florence to ascertain the exact situation of the republican party.

While Filippo entered minutely into all these details, he had the satisfaction of seeing his young auditor gradually re-acquire his self-possession. His ambition began to revive; and Filippo artfully insinuated his hopes of seeing him at the head of the Florentine republic, when public prosperity restored by his means should have entitled him to think of private enjoyment. "Then, Lorenzino," he continued, "thou shalt reap the reward of thy patriotism.

Crush this weakness which unmans thee ; think thyself as thou truly art, the legitimate descendant of Cosimo Padre della Patria ; and remember that nought but the usurper's death can clear the way to thy exaltation. Say, was not Brutus the friend of Cæsar, and did he not slay him ?”

“He did, and I will imitate him,” returned Lorenzino, with increased animation. “Thou hast roused me, Filippo; the tyrant's life hangs by a single thread, which I alone must sever ; and that done”—— “Liberty is ours,” interrupted Filippo, and Florence will not be ungrateful to her deliverer. But I must away ; thy mother alone knows of my being here. I have stifled the feelings of a parent ; I have not dared to enter my own palace, or embrace my children ; they little think their father is so near them : but Luisa shall soon know thou art still the son of my choice.”

The thoughts of his children, and the remembrance of his family, for a moment unmanned Strozzi ; and the feelings of the lofty patriot, the stern philosopher, and the ambitious politician, became absorbed in those of the father and the man. He paused for a few moments, and then added, “Thou seest, Lorenzo, that I too have feelings of regret which I cannot always suppress. But this is no time for such thoughts, for I must be at the Mugello by dawn, where I will provide for thy safety if

escape should be necessary. Fare the well, my son, be firm, and fear not!" Lorenzino cordially returned his friend's embrace, and conducted him to the door of his apartments, where he stood listening to his retiring footsteps, until he felt assured that he must have reached the outer gate of the palace in safety.

Greatly relieved by his conversation with his intended father-in-law, he retired to his couch more composed in mind than he had been for some time. He considered himself as engaged beyond retreat to Strozzi and his party; and he felt assured that Luisa's love was still sanctioned by her father's approbation. He looked forward to years of happiness spent in her society, and notwithstanding his ideas of liberty, he occasionally indulged a hope of being Lord of Florence; although even to himself he would scarcely allow that any feeling of private interest interfered with his plans for the public welfare. He endeavoured to quiet the reproaches of his conscience for the means he was to employ in the happy results he anticipated to all his projects, which he would fain have persuaded himself were founded on the purest patriotism. So easy is it to find an excuse for doing what we ourselves desire, that the mind naturally becomes familiar with its own imperfections, or totally blind to its own defects.

While Lorenzino was enjoying the most delight-

ful visions of successful love and gratified ambition, the innocent object of his affections was suffering the greatest anxiety on his account. Luisa Strozzi had long beheld with sorrow the increasing friendship between Lorenzino and the Duke ; and aware of the general libertinism of the latter, she could not bear that the person she honoured with her love should debase himself by descending to such intrigues. On his return from Rome she had been grieved to see him so deeply engaged in politics, and would have preferred his adopting the quiet enjoyments of private life. She felt she could have sacrificed every thing for him, and only regretted that love was not sufficiently powerful in his breast to destroy ambition ; yet she was herself too gentle to oppose her lover's wishes ; and contented with his affections, she never even reproached him with his change of conduct : she had been told that he had become morose with all the world, but she found him still the same to her. It is true he came not so often as he was wont to her father's palace ; and when he did come, she observed a great weight on his spirits ; but he was still affectionately kind to her, and sought every means of tranquillizing her mind. He conversed little, and when she frequently found him gazing on her with such sadness in his look that it drew tears from both, she felt an indescribable sensation of anxiety, a foreboding of something dreadful for which



she could not account, and to which she had hitherto been a stranger. In the hope of coming to some explanation with Lorenzino she attended the fête of the preceding evening, when she had been so unfortunate as to attract the Duke's admiration, and left it at an early hour to avoid his gross conversation and familiarities. She passed a restless and almost sleepless night, and had just risen from her bed a melancholy contrast to the usual hilarity of her spirits.

If external circumstances could have at all compensated for internal disquietude, Luisa Strozzi would have been most amply indemnified. The darling of her father, the favourite of her brothers, she had not a thought or a wish ungratified. Nature had been most bountiful to her: a little taller than the middle size of women, she was perfectly formed, with a clear complexion, dark hair, and black eyes beaming with intelligence. The expression of her countenance was naturally gay; but her arched eyebrows, and perfect line of features, gave her, when serious, the appearance of a Madonna. From childhood she possessed that elasticity of spirits which innocence alone can give; that buoyancy of happiness which nothing but ignorance of the world and its cares can produce, and which is generally soon nipped in the bud by the dull realities of life. Luisa was listlessly reclining on a pile of



soft cushions, the preparations of her handmaiden for the adornment of her person were utterly unheeded, and her favourite greyhound in vain endeavoured to attract her notice, when after a light knocking at the door of her apartment, the object of her thoughts stood before her.

Surprised at this early and unexpected visit, Luisa could ill conceal the pleasures she felt when her lover seated himself by her side, and was beginning to explain that he could now claim her as his bride, with her father's sanction, when her brother suddenly burst into the room, apparently under the influence of the most ungovernable rage. Without giving Lorenzino or his sister time to make the least observation, Pietro Strozzi began to relate in a voice almost choked with passion, "that he had just returned from the fair of San Miniato, when Salviati had thoughtlessly congratulated him on his sister's having superseded his royal and imperial bride in the Duke's heart, who had declared to his confidants that he should never know happiness until possessed of the fair Luisa's affections.

At this information Lorenzino became deadly pale, and although he pretended to make light of Salviati's intelligence, said every thing he could think of to calm Luisa; but it was evident that he was himself far from feeling the tranquillity he wished to impart. Taking leave of Luisa with very

different sensations to those with which he had entered, he led Pietro Strozzi into another apartment, where he related to him what had passed at his late interview with his father, and his resolution to run the risk of precipitating every thing sooner than that Luisa's honour should be endangered ; and that he should proceed to the palace in order to devise some means for the immediate execution of their plans.

The two friends parted, Pietro to console his sister, and Lorenzino to return home, where he found a private summons to attend the Duke in his secret cabinet. When he had first determined on gaining Alessandro's confidence, he found the readiest way to his friendship was to become the pander to his sensual gratifications ; so that besides assuming a sycophantic manner foreign to the nobleness of his disposition, he had not hesitated to lend his assistance to all the Duke's low intrigues and illicit amours, in order to lull his suspicions and obtain greater facilities of consummating the crime he meditated.

The Duke was impatiently awaiting his arrival, and after good-humouredly upbraiding him for having deserted him so early the preceding evening, began to expatiate on the beauties of Luisa Strozzi in terms that were so many daggers to a lover's heart. Regardless of what was due to his

young bride, he declared he should never know happiness until he had secured Luisa's affections; and concluded by entreating his cousin to assist him in procuring a private interview with her. In vain did Lorenzino point out the danger of his encouraging this new passion; he tried to awaken his fears by representations of the power of the Strozzi family; he reminded him of the lady's near relationship to himself, her mother having been the celebrated Madonna Clarice de Medici, daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But all was of no avail; the more he perceived Lorenzino's reluctance to assist him, the more he persisted in urging his compliance. Little did the unfortunate prince imagine that he was signing his own death-warrant by his obstinacy and perseverance. At length Lorenzino fearing he might go too far in his refusals, pretended to be overcome by the Duke's commands, and promised that he should hear from him ere night, in a manner that he hoped would be favourable to his wishes; and then hastened to retire, fearing his emotions might betray him to the keen observation of the Duke, or of some of his satellites.

Before returning to his own palace, Lorenzino sought the dwelling of a man who lived in his neighbourhood, and who had long been secretly in his service, reflecting during his walk thither on the extraordinary destiny that appeared to have given up his victim to his fate. He thought the moment was now

arrived for which he had so long and so anxiously waited; the only consideration which had withheld his hand was withdrawn, and had furnished him with an additional motive for the murder of his kinsman. Love, ambition, revenge, all the strong passions of his nature urged him to the commission of the crime he meditated; and he resolved that night should witness its execution. Aware of his own inferiority in strength to the Duke, and yet afraid to entrust his secret to numbers, he had provided an assistant on whom he could rely: this person's name was Scoronconcolo, a man of fearless habits and almost gigantic stature. He had been condemned to death for his numerous crimes, but was pardoned at the intercession of Lorenzino, who besides saving his life, afterwards supported him.

Lorenzino found Scoronconcolo as blindly devoted to his service as he could desire, and ready to perform any crime that his master's interest required. Aware of the purposes for which he was retained, the ruffian seemed gratified when his patron informed him that the moment was now come which would deliver his enemy into his power, and that he should need his assistance that night in fulfilling the oaths by which he had so frequently bound himself. Scoronconcolo reiterated his promises of fidelity, and assured him that no power on earth should prevent the gratification of his revenge. Encouraged by



finding him so recklessly determined, Lorenzino desired his satellite to be at his palace before midnight, well armed ; and recommending the utmost secrecy and caution, with increased promises of riches and protection, he returned home to complete his preparations for his kinsman's murder.

The house of Lorenzino de Medici was only separated from the Duke's palace in Via Lunga by a narrow lane, which contained the out-offices of the guards and domestics. An arch was thrown over this space to connect the two houses, so that any person could pass from the one to the other, without fear of observation or disturbance.\* This private communication had been constructed by the Duke's command, to facilitate his intrigues, and give admittance to those victims of his libertinism whom he dared not openly receive at his palace. Of this passage Lorenzino determined to avail himself on the present occasion, as he did not doubt that he could succeed in enticing the unfortunate prince alone into his power, under pretence of meeting their fair kinswoman.

It was the eve of the Epiphany, and the Duca Alessandro had just returned from witnessing the procession of the Befana. The Duke was at supper with several of his favourites in his private apart-

\* This narrow lane is still called the " Via del Traditore."



ments, and had indulged more freely than usual in the pleasures of the table, when a note from Lorenzino was delivered to him. It informed him that he had succeeded in making an assignation for him at midnight; but that the lady insisted on meeting him at his house, as nothing could persuade her to come to the palace from the fear of discovery. Even this did not excite the Duke's suspicions, as he had frequently made use of his cousin's apartment in former intrigues; and as it only wanted a few minutes of the time, he excused himself to his friends, and hastened to his appointment by means of the private passage. He found Lorenzino anxiously waiting his arrival in a large gloomy apartment, which served as his bed-room, and was lighted by a solitary lamp, and a large wood fire which burnt dimly on the hearth. Fatigued with the pleasures of the day, the Duke laid aside his secret armour, and his usual dress, and was attired in a loose wrapping-gown of rich silk lined with ermine, with no other weapon than his sword, which he carried under his arm. As he approached Lorenzino he gaily inquired where he should find the lady; to which he replied, that as in this case the lady was of high rank, great caution was necessary to be observed, and that he would now go and fetch her from the house where she was concealed. The Duke still unsuspecting of treachery, said he would throw him-

self on the bed and rest himself until his return, as he felt himself unusually tired. Lorenzino assisted him to the couch, and placed his sword officiously at his bed's head, having first taken care to entangle the hilt and sheath in such a manner with the belt, that it would be difficult to draw it; and then left him to repose on the very brink of the precipice to which he had enticed him.

Lorenzino found his confederate well prepared to second him; but fearing that Scoronconcolo might draw back when he saw who he was brought to assassinate, he thought it better to sound him on the subject. He began by assuring him their victim could not escape, but warned him that the person whom they were to attack was a man of great consequence in the state, and that he must not be daunted on that account. "Fear not, Master," replied Scoronconcolo, "were it the Duke himself I would not fail thee." "By Heaven thou hast rightly guessed," said Lorenzino, in a low tone, "it is the Duke himself." "Well, Duke or devil," replied the ruffian, "let us come on; it is but a man, I suppose."\*

This conversation passed in an under tone, almost at the door of the bed-room, which the confederates entered with noiseless steps, and found by his hard deep breathing that their victim slept soundly. Con-

\* See Varchi "Storia Fiorentina."

cealing their faces with black masks, they assaulted him at once, and wounded him in several places without effect. The unfortunate Prince made a desperate resistance, and having vainly endeavoured to draw his hampered sword, struggled hard with his murderers, when Lorenzino perceiving that he might yet shake them off and give the alarm, threw himself upon him with the whole weight of his body, and pinned him down to the bed. In the scuffle the Duke got hold of Lorenzino's right thumb with his teeth, and bit him with such force that he could not help roaring out with agony, and called to Scoronconcolo to despatch him, which he could not do, as Lorenzino so completely covered the Duke's body, that it was impossible to strike a mortal blow without wounding his master. Perceiving their situation, Lorenzino drew out a case-knife with his left hand, which was the only weapon he ever wore, and had frequently been the object of the duke's ridicule, and plunged it into the back of Alessandro's neck near the spine. In giving this blow his mask fell off; and the dying prince, recognising his treacherous friend, exclaimed, "Et tu Lorenzino," and expired without a groan.\*

Horror-struck at their daring achievement, the two confederates looked at each other with astonish-

\* See "Vita di Alessandro de Medici."

ment; and as if aware of their danger for the first time, began to prepare for immediate escape. Mounting two of Lorenzino's fleetest horses, they soon passed the gates by means of the Duke's signet, and reached the Mugello long before dawn, where they were received with the greatest acclamations, and Lorenzino was hailed as the Brutus of the age, and the deliverer of his country.

But Providence seldom allows crime to prosper even for a time; and this very measure, by which the republican party hoped to secure their triumph, produced the directly opposite effect. The citizens of Florence, tired of continual wars and un-availing contests, determined to elect a prince who should unite in his own person the advantage of being the peoples' choice, and the nearest legitimate descendant of the house of Medici. They selected Cosimo, the only son of Giovanni de Medici, better known as the chief of the "bande nere," who was cousin to the two princes, both the murderer and the murdered, and immediately proclaimed him Duke of Florence. This was the ruin of the liberal party; and Filippo Strozzi, on his return to the city in hopes of getting Lorenzino proclaimed Duke, was taken prisoner, and confined in a fortress which had been originally built with his own money, where he shortly afterwards put an end to his existence, unable to survive the destruction of his party. Lorenzino branded with



the name of "il traditore," and shunned by his fellow-creatures, fled to Venice, but not considering himself in safety there, he escaped to Constantinople, and did not return to Italy for many years afterwards. Justice, though long delayed, overtook him at last, and he was assassinated in the streets of Venice by an old follower of Alessandro's, who, by so doing, conceived he had discharged a debt of gratitude to the memory of his former master.\*

The Strozzi and Soderini families were exiled from Florence, to prevent their exciting fresh disturbances in the state; and the gentle Luisa, unable to survive her lover's infamy and her father's suicide, gradually sunk under the pressure of such irreparable calamities. Although she had loved with more than common affection, she resisted all the importunities of her family in Lorenzino's favour. Her sense of religion was too strong for her to hesitate one instant in refusing the hand of a murderer. The politics of her own relations could not palliate in her mind the enormity of his conduct; not even love itself could conquer her just abhorrence of treachery and crime; and soon after Lorenzino's departure for the Levant, her gentle spirit found eternal peace in an early grave.

\* See "Pignotti Storia della Toscana."



ZEPHYR.

WRITTEN IN A SALOON WHERE A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL WAS ARRANGING FLOWERS.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

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ZEPHYR ! Zephyr ! wake, awake !  
Dip your plumage in the lake ;  
Bear upon your downy wing,  
Ev'ry scent the night-flow'rs fling ;  
Come hither through the gath'ring gloom,  
And spread your influence o'er the room :  
For here is Flora's fav'rite shrine :  
See where the waxen tapers shine,  
Made from the spoil of bees, who fed  
On sweets purloin'd from Flora's bed ;  
See where unnumber'd roses blow  
Beneath the starry taper's glow ;  
Mark how before the altar stands  
The priestess, and with snowy hands  
Ranges the flow'rs, while to their bloom  
Her breath imparts a fresh perfume.

Hark ! Zephyr comes—I hear his wing  
Amongst the woodbine fluttering,—  
Now, near approaching, see, he waves  
The lilac-branch, whereon his slaves,  
Gnome, elf, and sprite, submissive all,  
Wait his commanding beck and call.  
But the light God Euphemia sees  
No longer gambols through the trees ;  
No longer sports in idle play,  
Around some silver-tinted ray,  
Shot dazzling from the rising moon,  
But rushes to the gay saloon ;  
And, gazing on the form divine,  
Officiating at Flora's shrine,  
To his fair spouse unfaithful proves,  
Rests on his wing entranced, and loves :—  
Now wantons in Euphemia's hair,  
Whose ringlets on her forehead fair  
Hang, as if proud to nestle there :  
And now the God, presumptuous grown,  
Plays with the tucker of her gown.

They say you Gods at mortals scoff,  
But, ne'ertheless, I'll warn you off ;  
Yes, spite of all your stout resistance,  
You and your gnomes shall keep your distance ;  
Yes, spite of you and all your elves,  
We'll keep Euphemia to ourselves ;

For this bright form to us was given,  
To show what you possess in heaven.  
Though you may flutter, scold, and pout,  
Unfaithful God, I'll shut you out.  
You've Goddesses enough above,  
To court, to flirt with, and to love,  
So, Zephyr, homeward take your flight,  
Good night!

“ THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”—GEN. XVI. 13.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

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OH ! God unseen, but not unknown,  
Thine eye is ever fix'd on me ;  
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,  
Encompass'd by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space  
To nothing am I long allied,  
For flight of time, and change of place  
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they ?  
Friends whom I knew, I know no more ;  
Companions once that cheer'd my way  
Have dropt behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd  
Of life and action hurrying round ;  
Now left alone—for like a cloud  
They came, they went, and are not found.

E'en from myself sometimes I part,  
Unconscious sleep is nightly death ;  
Yet surely by my bed thou art,  
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done or said  
How little can I now recall !  
Forgotten things to me are dead ;  
With thee they live, thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,  
Witness to every conflict here ;  
Nor wilt thou leave me at the tomb,  
Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, the only one  
Of all my time, to be foretold ;  
Though when, and where, and how, can none  
Of all the race of man unfold.

That moment comes, when strength must fail,  
When health, and hope, and comfort flown,  
I must go down into the vale  
And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee ;—in that dread strife,  
Uphold me through mine agony,  
And gently be this dying life  
Exchanged for immortality.



Then, when the unbodied spirit lands  
Where flesh and blood have never trod,  
And in the unveil'd presence stands  
Of Thee, my Saviour, and my God ;

Be mine eternal portion this,  
Since Thou wert always here with me,  
That I may view thy face in bliss,  
And be for evermore with Thee.

September 22nd, 1828.

## THE PIPER OF MUCKLEBROWST.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE," ETC.

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———" He was a stout carle for the nones,  
Full big he was of brawn, and eke of bones;  
A Baggepipe well could he blow and sounne."

CHAUCER.

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ABOUT a century since, in the last "rugging and riving days" of Scotland, before the modern march of intellect had so completely routed the wonderful arts of magic and witchcraft, as to leave neither witch nor conjuror in all the broad lands of Britain, there lived a noted fellow called RORY BLARE, who filled the office of Town-Piper to the prosperous fishing port of Mucklebrowst. He always affirmed his family to be of high antiquity; and as he was disclaimed by the Blairs of that Ilk, and the Blairs of Balthayock, and the Blairs of Lethendie, and the Blairs of Overdurdy, and, in short, by all the other Blairs, he set up at once to be the head of the Blares of Bletherit and

Skirlawa', which have furnished Scotland with Pipers ever since it was a country. In the course of his life, Rory had performed the various parts of fisherman, sailor, soldier, and pedler, none of which professions are peculiarly likely to teach a man temperance ; and having procured his discharge in consequence of a wound in his head, which carried away a small fraction of his brain-pan, about the sober age of fifty-seven he settled down into a roistering and carousing Town-Piper. As he had a good deal of those rambling, mischief-loving, satirical characters called in Scotland *hallen-shakers* and *blether-skytes*, and his strangest tricks were played, and his fun was ever the most furious, when the malt was over the meal, all who knew him declared that " he certainly had a bee in his bonnet, puir man ! ever sin' he gat that sair paik on his pow in the wars." Rory himself, however, was wont to assert that " he was as gude a man as ever ;" which, perhaps, might be true in one sense, as he never was very celebrated for either his prudence or his sobriety.

So much for his person and character ; and for his talents as a Piper, he could most merrily " blaw up the chanter," as the old song says, with some skill and " richt gude will," untired, even through a long night of active dancing and loud carousal ; which, with his mirth and bold demeanour, made him a special favourite throughout Mucklebrowst and its vicinity. Without at all underrating his own knowledge of music,

he was fond of attributing some part of his popularity to his instrument, which, he was accustomed to relate, had been found in one of the holy wells of St. Fillan, in Perthshire; thereby inheriting a finer tone and easier breath than any mere mortal pipes could ever boast of, beside the power of resisting all kinds of glamour or witchcraft. The truth of this was never rightly known, though it was whispered, that if the pipes had belonged even to St. Fillan himself, Rory Blare had employed them so differently, that if they ever possessed any virtue it had long since departed.

As the worthy Town-Piper was always ready to be foremost in any kind of sport, or to bestow his counsel in any case of courtship, marriage, or witchcraft, which occupied the gossips,—that is to say, all the inhabitants of Mucklebrowst,—he was everywhere welcome. But, though he distributed his patronage pretty equally, he appeared to be most merry, and to make himself most at home at the Maggie Lauder's Head, a little *public* kept by one Bauldie Quech, whose jovial and careless disposition matched exactly with his own. They would frequently sit till “the sma’ hours,” driving away time by glass after glass, rant after rant, and song after song, until the decease of Katie Quech, his contentious spouse; when, though all expected to see him take a younger and more agreeable partner, and had even settled who it was to be, he suddenly sank into a dismal and melancholy mood, under the influence of which he drank



twice as much as before, though he never laughed at all. Rory Blare, however, did not desert his old companion ; for indeed the warmth of his friendship very frequently led him to sit piping and drinking with him throughout the whole night : and one dark and windy evening in autumn they were thus engaged, with a single sedate-looking stranger, habited in pale gray, who had come in about night fall. " Hout, tout, mon !" exclaimed Rory, finding that even St. Fillan's blessed pipes had no effect upon his host, " ye're unco' hard to please, I trow ; and yet yere lugs used to ken whan they heard gude music : but I daur say the Deil's cussen his cloak owre ye, as King Jamie said o' his bairn. Ye'll no think now, honest frien'," continued he, addressing himself to the Guest, " that the gudeman was ance ane o' the merriest men o' Mucklebrowst, though ever sin' Luckie Quech died he's no had a word for a dog, let alone a blythe lad, or a bonnie lassie."—" Let him look for another luckie, then, and the sooner the better," answered the Stranger, " take heart, man, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."—" And that's true too, though the Deil himsel' spak it," rejoined the Piper ; " I'm thinkin', Bauldie, that I'll hae to play ' Fy, let us a' to the bridal,' before ye yet. And wha shall it be, gudeman ? wha shall it be ? for ye ken there's a hantle o' bonnie lassies in Mucklebrowst, to speak naething o' them



o' Leven, or the limmers o' Largo. But ye'll look to the tocher, billie, and see that the lass has a quick lug for the music, and a light fit for the dance."

"They may hae what they will for me," at length answered the Host, with a deep sigh, "and they may be as bonnie as they will for me; but they can nane o' them be either less or mair to me."—"Think again, friend," said the Guest, "and you will think better of it, for I've often known as broken a ship come to land. What say ye now to Sibbie Carloups, of Gouks-Haven, with golden hair on her head, and gold coin in her pouch; I promise you now, that she'd be the girl for me."—"She was no that an unsonsie lassie, but she was nae muckle better than wud, or a witch, when she leevet there," returned the Piper, "but that's fu' twenty years ago, for she suddenly gaed awa' and no ane kenned where, though folk said she went mad, or was carried awa' to be the Deil's jo, some gate about Forfar or Glammis."—"It's a' true!" exclaimed Bauldie Quech, in a voice of great distress, "it's an owre true tale, as I ken fu' weel, and fu' sadly, though I didna think to hae tauld what I ken o't to ony ane but the minister: But, Rory, ye're a fearless and lang-headed chiel at a hard pass, and as ever ye did gude to a puir body at their wits' ends, ye maun e'en help me now."—"Say awa' then wi' yere story, neebor," returned the Piper, "and if it be in the skeel o' man, and I

dinna stand by you, may the Deil burst the bag o' my pipes, and split the drone and chanter!"—"Weel, weel," answered the Host, with more composure, "I'm no misdoubting ye, though I trow it's past yere art; but at ony rate it will gie some ease to my mind; so I'll e'en mak a clean breast, and tell ye a' about it. About twenty years back, as ye said, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie; and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel', and as we foregathered thegither mair than ance, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxe-pence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-Haven she was departed."—"And did you no follow her, mon?" demanded Rory Blare, "ye suld hae followed her owre land and lea till ye met again; I'se warrant she wadna hae 'scaped me like the blink o' a sunbeam."—"I did follow her," said Bauldie Quech, "and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and spier'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to shew. Weel, I cam back to Mucklebrowst, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links, o' St. Monan's; and then, as ye ken,

she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, mon, wad ye think it, she hadna been gane a week or mair, when an auld, ill-fa'ard, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! 'And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?' says I, when I could speak for wonder, and some little o' fear; 'Troth, lad,' said she, 'I canna just tell ye where I hae been: a frien' o' mine has taken me to see the warl', and made me gay rich, but ye see I no forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit whan ye will.' 'Marry thee!' thought I, 'I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!' But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to cam ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. 'Oh, oh! Luckie!' thought I again, 'it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing then for me:' so I drew me back a wee, and then said bauldly, 'I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer, folk say, ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and begone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you.'—'Aha, billie,' then said the auld carline, 'there are twa words to that; if

ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying ony body without my leave, and may be do a little mair; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion.' To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay haud on her,—when, fizz! she was gane like the whup o' a whirlwin', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the Deil had carried her! And after a' I haena done wi' the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence; but when I gae out I can tak haud o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare.—And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say, than that I wad gie half my gudes to ony body wha wad get me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be brunt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar."—"Baith o' whilk I wad do blithely," said the Piper, "gin ye could tell me where I could find the witch-carline; for I wadna think muckle o' meeting her and her haill clanjamfray wi' St. Fillan's Pipes; I trow I'd gie them sic music as they ne'er dancit to before."—"Waes me! then," exclaimed Bauldie Quech in reply, "for there's nae finding a witch against her will; sae there's nae help for me in this



warld.”—“ But there may be some in another,” said the Stranger-guest, “ and I think I can show it, if your piper-friend be only as stout and fearless as he seems ; I promise you that his success is certain, and that the only danger will be in shrinking back when the work is begun.”—“ Deil doubt me then,” said Rory, “ there’s my thumb on’t : and ye ken I’m no vera sune daunted.”—“ Then,” answered the Stranger, “ the sooner you set out the better, since you may have a long journey before you ; so mount my horse, for he knows the way you’re going ; ride out of the town towards Glammis, and you will meet a number of persons, with whom Sibbie Carloups will certainly be. Ask them for Gossip Paddock ; and say to her, that you come from Melchior the Comptroller, who commands her to give up Bauldie Quech’s token ; but take heed that you have no other intercourse with them, and, above all, that you bring nothing else away with you.”

With these instructions, and his blessed Pipes, Rory Blare departed, followed by the anxious hopes and good wishes of the Host. He was nothing dismayed at the cheerless appearance of the night, which was overclouded ; whilst a violent storm of wind roared round him, seeming as if it raged purposely to impede his progress. He rode on at a rapid pace ; but the way looked wilder and more lonely than usual, no person appearing of whom he might make his



mystic inquiries. The features, too, of that well known road seemed altogether altered, since the Piper missed the little towns and change-houses with which he knew it to be studded; though he failed not to recognise, with increased terror, the spots which had been rendered famous by any fearful circumstances. At length, however, he entered a deep and spacious glen, covered with dark heather, which was wholly unknown to him; so that he was now assured that he had missed his way altogether.

As the wind still continued to blow furiously, and the rain to fall with violence between the gusts, Rory Blare was rejoiced to see the dim outline of a building appear in the glen before him, one part of which was glowing with lights, and resounding with the loudest notes of merriment. He made up to it, if it were only in the hope of getting some information of his way and a temporary shelter; and arriving at a little stone portal, which was half open, beneath the lighted chambers, he rang, and knocked, and shouted, for some time, without procuring any reply. Alighting from the stranger's horse, therefore, and fastening him to the door, he went in and ascended a flight of narrow winding stairs, which terminated in a suite of state-chambers, decorated in the style, however, of three centuries before. The room which he first entered was richly illuminated, and in the centre appeared a table, round which several tall powerful men were seated, playing at cards. They were all

habited in the most costly and antique dresses ; for there were pall and velvet, steel armour, and two-handed swords, and robes of ermine and minever. They swore and stamped at each other, raged and shouted in the most fearful manner, as they won or lost the broad gold pieces which lay on the table before them ; but the most furious of all was one old hard-featured Baron, who sat at the head of the chamber, distinguished from the rest by an immensely long beard. He lost much, and repeatedly tore the cards and dashed his clenched hands passionately on the board, then called for wine, and again engaged in the game, swearing in the wildest manner that he would play on till Doomsday.

The terrific features of this scene made even the Piper desirous of exchanging it for the stormy night and dark glen without ; but, upon looking round for the door by which he entered, he found that it had closed, and was covered by hangings similar to the rest of the room, so that it could no where be seen. Whilst he was gazing about him for some other passage, he was accosted by the long-bearded Nobleman, who demanded of him in a thundering tone “ what he wanted, and who sent him there ? ” Rory felt his blood rather chilled whilst he answered that he had missed his way to Glammis, on the road to which one Master Melchior, the Comptroller, had sent him to inquire for Gossip Paddock, to recover a token from her.—“ The fiend take Melchoir the Comptroller ! ”

exclaimed the ancient Baron, "he'll ruin the trade of us a', if he gae on at this rate. And what base carle are ye, whom he has sent on sic a fule's errand?"—"I'm Rory Blare, the Town-Piper o' Mucklebrowst, if it like your honour," was the reply; "I hae the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan wi' me, and I'll gie ye ane of the Saunt's ane sangs by which he drave awa the Deil, on the chanter, an' ye wad like to listen to it."

There was something in this proposal not very pleasing to the long-bearded Baron, since he ground his teeth and grinned fearfully upon the Piper, and roared out fiercely to Nickie Deilstyke to take the canting dog down to the revel in the court-yard, and show him where Cummer Paddock hung her curch whilst she danced. Rory Blare followed the servitor through several winding passages, into what seemed to him a churchyard, surrounded by a ruined cloister, and part of an ancient chapel, with a running stream forming the lower boundary. Both the building itself, which appeared to be illuminated, and the grassy cemetery, were crowded with a host of females, young and old, fair and foul, dancing furiously to the sound of the deepest and shrillest pipes Rory had ever heard. The tune in general was a loud and continued rant, held on in the same clamorous key, though it often swelled suddenly into a positive howl of wild merriment, increased by the shouts and shrieks of the enraptured dancers; which, however, sounded in the Piper's ears more like cries of pain, than those hearty

halloos of pleasure which distinguish the native dances of Scotland.

Rory's guide stopped at a whin-bush beside a fallen column, and pointing to a dark-coloured hood hanging upon it, directed the Piper to seize it, and when the owner came up, to make his own terms for its restoration, since she would never be able to quit that place without it. He had scarcely laid hold of it, and thrust it into his bosom, under the Saint's Pipes, when a woman, bent almost double, and with features nearly resembling those of a toad, came up to him, and in a whining flattering voice entreated him to give it back; adding that she would give him many gifts, and specially teach him to play as never piper played before. All her entreaties, however, availing nothing until she produced Bauldie Quech's troth-pledge, the Witch in a rage flung the broken coin upon the ground, exclaiming, "There, you suspicious tyke, will ye no gie me my curch now?"

"Let's see if a' be right first, Luckie," answered the invincible Piper, "all's not gowd that glitters, ye ken;" and having taken the pledge from the ground, and satisfied himself that there was no deception, he thrust it into his breast, and approaching the running stream, drew out the Witch's hood, and hurled it in, saying, "There, Cummer, as the gudeman at Mucklebrowst wants nae mair o' yere visits, we'll e'en tak awa yere power o' making them!"

The witch gave a wild shriek as she saw her magic



curch sink down, with a dark flash of fire, in a place where she had no power to follow it ; knowing also that the loss of it involved her own instant destruction. A loud shout of exultation immediately arose from the wizard crowd, which came pouring down, and whirled away the unfortunate Sibbie Carloups, after which she was never more seen on earth.

The music then changed to a brisk and sprightly tune, still frequently played in Scotland, though formerly condemned as an unhallowed spring,—called “ Whistle o’er the lave o’t.” This was a strain in which Rory was considered to have extraordinary skill ; and being animated by the well known notes, and elated by his recent victory, he at once forgot his hazardous situation and the saintly character of his pipes ; and leaping up on the broken pillar, he cried out, “ Lilt awa’ ! cummers, lilt awa’ ! yon birkie blaws the chanter unco’ weel ; but I’d play that spring wi’ Auld Cloutie himsel’, sae here gaes till ye ;” but with the very first notes the bag of his instrument suddenly burst, and the pipes split from top to bottom ! “ Deil’s in’t !” exclaimed the alarmed Rory Blare, “ if there’s no an end o’ the blessed Pipes o’ St. Fillan ! God hae us in his keeping ! what are we to do now ?”—but scarcely had he uttered the Holy Name, when the whole scene was swept off in a howling whirlwind, and he saw no more, till he found himself, at day-break, lying, with the broken pipes, and the love-token.



under the ancient walls of Glammis Castle, upwards of thirty miles distant from Mucklebrowst.

Having made the best of his way back to Bauldie Quech, he found him quite another man, and joyfully preparing for his marriage with Janet Blythegilpie, of the East-Green, it being already known that Sibbie Carloups had been carried away in a fearful storm of wind, on Halloween, at midnight; which the Piper's story, and the production of the broken sixpence were supposed entirely to confirm. It was never very clearly made out how long Rory Blare had been gone, where he had been, or who was the stranger by whose advice he went; for, whilst the piper affirmed that he was absent but a single night, all Mucklebrowst declared that his office had been vacant for a week; and that he was certainly away at the fearful season of Halloween. As to the second point, it was agreed that he had wandered to Forfar, or Glammis Castle, or perhaps had a drunken vision in the ruins of Restennet Priory. The howling of the wind through the arches, and his imagination, familiar with the superstitions of those places, might have supplied the witches, music, and revelry; together with the revelation of that secret chamber, wherein Alexander, surnamed Beardie, third Earl of Crawford, is supposed to be playing at cards until the Day of Judgment. And, lastly, the person by whose counsel he went on the journey was very

generally considered to be a famous White Wizard or benevolent Magician, who used his art to counter-act the Powers of Darkness.

Bauldie Quech became a person of consequence in Mucklebrowst, being made treasurer ; and his name yet lives in its traditions for having kept the municipal monies in a manner worthy of the most primitive ages of the world. His depositories were nothing less than two large jack-boots, which hung beside his fireplace ; into one of which he threw all sums received, and into the other all his vouchers for payments. At the end of the year both were emptied, and a balance struck, though it is reported that, as there was some deficiency in the debtor-boot, it was thought more prudent to transfer the trust to other hands ; notwithstanding which, the ex-treasurer always asserted that it was the best way possible of keeping the accounts, since every one in his dwelling was of indubitable honesty, and “ it saved a wheen hantle o’ perplexing buiks and skarts o’ writing.” The good town also gave Rory Blare a new stand of pipes, by the first maker of his time, but they were never thought to be equal to those of St. Fillan ; and to his dying hour he could never be prevailed upon to play the ’witching tune of “ Whistle o’er the lave o’t.”

SANS SOUCI.

BY L. E. L.

COME ye forth to our revel by moonlight,  
With your lutes and your spirits in tune ;  
The dew falls to-night like an odour,  
Stars weep o'er our last day in June.  
Come, maids, leave the loom and its purple,  
Though the robe of a monarch were there ;  
Seek your mirror, I know 'tis your dearest,  
And be it to-night your sole care.

Braid ye your curls in their thousands,  
Whether dark as the raven's dark wing,  
Or bright as that clear summer colour,  
When sunshine lights every ring.  
On each snow ankle lace silken sandal,  
Don the robes like the neck they hide white ;  
Then come forth like planets from darkness,  
Or like lilies at daybreak's first light.





GEORGE THE FOURTH.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.  
IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WILLIAM EDINGTON BART. & CO.  
ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM PENNIE.





Is there one who half regal in beauty,  
Would be regal in pearl and in gem ;  
Let her wreath her a crown of red roses,  
No rubies are equal to them.

Is there one who sits languid and lonely,  
With her fair face bow'd down on her hand,  
With a pale cheek and glittering eyelash,  
And careless locks 'scaped from their band,

For a lover not worth that eye's tear-drop,  
Not worth that sweet mouth's rosy kiss,  
Not that cheek though 'tis faded to paleness ;  
I know not the lover that is.

Let her bind up her beautiful tresses ;  
Call her wandering rose back again ;  
And for one prisoner 'scaping her bondage,  
A hundred shall carry her chain.

Come, gallants, the gay and the graceful,  
With hearts like the light plumes ye wear ;  
Eyes all but divine light our revel,  
Like the stars in whose beauty they share.  
Come ye, for the wine cups are mantling,  
Some clear as the morning's first light ;  
Others touch'd with the evening's last crimson,  
Or the blush that may meet ye to-night.

There are plenty of sorrows to chill us,  
And troubles last on to the grave ;  
But the coldest glacier has its rose-tint,  
And froth rides the stormiest wave.  
Oh ! Hope will spring up from its ashes,  
With plumage as bright as before ;  
And pleasures, like lamps in a palace,  
If extinct, you need only light more.

When one vein of silver's exhausted,  
'Tis easy another to try ;  
There are fountains enough in the desert,  
Though that by your palm-tree be dry :  
When an India of gems is around you,  
Why ask for the one you have not ?  
Though the roc in your hall may be wanting,  
Be contented with what you have got.

Come to-night, for the white blossom'd myrtle  
Is flinging its love-sighs around,  
And beneath, like the veil'd eastern beauties,  
The violets peep from the ground.  
Seek ye for gold and for silver,  
There are both on these bright orange trees ;  
And never in Persia the moonlight  
Wept o'er roses more blushing than these.

There are fire-flies sparkling by myriads,  
The fountain wave dances in light ;  
Hark ! the mandolin's first notes are waking,  
And soft steps break the sleeping of night.  
Then come all the young and the graceful,  
Come gay as the lovely should be,  
'Tis much in this world's toil and trouble  
To let one midnight pass *Sans Souci*.

## THE BED.

BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R. A.

PEACE to his bones, the first who spread  
The swelling, soft, luxurious bed,  
For man's indulgence given !  
Still as I stretch each weary limb,  
I cast a grateful thought on him,  
And wish him rest in heaven.

Refuge of sickness, toil, and woe !  
Sweet home of half our lives below !  
Where still our welcome's warm :  
Soft, downy dock, where sense repairs  
The damage done by daily cares,  
To brave again the storm !

Whether with costly curtains closed,  
Of feathers or of flocks composed,  
In camp, field, tent, or truckle,  
The lucky bard that's shelter'd snug,  
In his own nest, beneath his rug,  
May bless his stars and chuckle.



Nay, monarchs, in their nightcaps, own  
The bed's much easier than the throne  
    They're doom'd to sit and sigh on :  
And well may all the world agree,  
That poorest of the poor is he  
    Who has no bed to lie on.

When sick of follies that confound us,  
And deafen'd by the din around us,  
    We seek a pause from care,  
What comfort then, in bed reclined,  
To ease the languid frame, and find  
    A short oblivion there !

To lose awhile the sense of pain,  
To calm the fever of the brain,  
    That in life's waking hour  
Is troubled by those darker dreams,  
In which disturb'd ambition seems  
    To grasp at wealth and power.

And when rough winter, in his reign,  
Comes rattling loud at every pane,  
    And whistling through each door,  
How sweet, half dozing as you lie,  
To hear the uproar of the sky,  
    In slumber's cot secure.

Yet then will anxious thoughts molest,  
And pity throb in every breast,  
    With generous feelings warm ;  
To think what hapless wretches roam,  
Without a shelter or a home,  
    And bide the pelting storm.

Then, too, if haply on the wave,  
Some much loved friend, disaster'd, brave  
    The perils of the hour,  
How sinks the heart at every blast !  
While shuddering fancy views aghast  
    The angry ocean's power.

Yet he's a ninny who supposes  
That every bed's a bed of roses,  
    For idle's the conjecture :  
The bachelor's from bliss debarr'd ;  
And he finds Hymen's rather hard  
    Who hears a curtain-lecture.

To rest in vain Suspicion tries ;  
The lover cannot close his eyes,  
    Whom some proud beauty scorns :  
Guilt finds remorse upon his couch ;  
The slave will e'en in slumber crouch ;  
    And tyrants sleep on thorns.

The poet, too, who goes to bed,  
With half a stanza in his head,  
    Finds rhyming not *composing* ;  
The muse still labours as he lies,  
And if he sleeps, reviewers rise  
    To damn him as he's dozing.

Yet still the unhappy in their beds  
Find aching hearts and aching heads,  
    In some degree, relieved there.  
E'en culprits, cast for death by law,  
Will slumber on their beds of straw,  
    And dream they are reprieved there.

Yet though we much distinction make  
'Tween life asleep and life awake,  
    The difference is ideal ;  
No matter which it is we act in,  
The world of fancy or of fact in,  
    Our feelings still are real.

And as to which has most delight,  
The being of the day or night,  
    Were I required to say,  
I'd choose our visionary life,  
Compared to that dull world of strife,  
    In which we dream by day.

For though the phantoms of the night  
Disturb us, they're soon put to flight,

When morning's beam awakes us :  
But care, the *nightmare* of our days,  
Can far more horrid visions raise,  
That last till death o'ertakes us.

Best luxury of the rich and poor !—

His bed the wise will first secure,

Where'er his lot may lie.

The last thing we resign on earth

Should be the bed where we had birth,

And where we hope to die.



## NAVARINO.

BY COMMANDER CHARLES HUTCHINSON, R. N.

By the Christian o'er the Turk  
Sing the glorious victory won,  
When in Greece his bloody work  
Again the Moslem had begun.

Deep in Navarino's bay  
His imperial fleet was moor'd,  
Ranged in battle-like array,  
With his bravest hands on board.

But the Christian ships without  
Heard the shrieks from Hellas' shore,  
And, responding with a shout,  
Exclaim'd, "Greece shall bleed no more!"

O'er the waves, with eagle speed,  
On their glorious way they go,  
And the British boldly lead  
France and Russia to the foe.

“ Now, ye bloody tyrants, hold !  
Or we smite,” the Christians cried ;—  
But the Moslem, proud and bold,  
With his guns alone replied.

Then a cheer of joy sublime  
From the Christian line arose,  
While their ships in dreadful chime  
Pour’d their broadsides on the foes.

Every shot they deal is death  
To those sons of tyranny ;  
And their guns with fiery breath  
Shout in thunder “ Liberty !”

Fall the Turkish masts in wrecks,  
And their yards on every side,  
While the blood from off their decks  
Pours in torrents on the tide.

Deep around them in that strife  
Redden’d ocean more and more,  
Till their ships, like things of life,  
Seem’d to welter in their gore.

But though carnage fill’d his deck,  
Not a Turk to yield would deign,  
Till his ship was all a wreck,  
And till half his crew were slain.

Even then, their foes defying,  
Some still fought with brave devotion,  
And, with colours proudly flying,  
Sunk, contending in the ocean.

Others, arm'd with fiercer hate,  
Seized a match in bold despair,  
And, as if defying fate,  
Blew their vessels in the air !

What a glorious fleet at morn  
Had the Moslem there beheld !  
When his heart, with Pharaoh's scorn,  
Had the Christian threats repell'd.

But the Christian ships, though few,  
Bravely took their daring post ;  
And ere set of sun o'erthrew  
All his fleet, like Pharaoh's host !

Hail, ye gallant Hearts of Oak !  
Who but conquer'd there to save ;  
And, at one indignant stroke,  
Crush'd the tyrant, freed the slave !

All the nations of the world  
Shall your brows with laurel bind,  
For your flags in Greece unfurl'd  
Fought the cause of all mankind.

Now with pride shall England tell  
Of the glory of her son,  
Who so boldly and so well  
Led those lion-spirits on !

Yes, brave CODRINGTON, in thee  
England boasts another name,  
O'er her empire of the sea,  
To receive her NELSON's fame.

But full many on that day,  
Who had hoped to share its glory,  
Bravely fell amid the fray,  
And sunk wrapp'd in garments gory.

Now, full many a fathom deep,  
They repose beneath the wave ;  
But we triumph,—for their sleep  
Is the slumber of the brave !

Noble BATHURST, in that strife  
Thy sad fate our tears might claim ;  
But thy name, though lost to life,  
Yet shall live with England's fame !

Greece—thou earthly Paradise  
Of the immortal mind ;  
In each nobler art we prize,  
First instructress of mankind ;—



Greece—where Genius first was wed  
To his lovely consort, Taste,  
And their beams new lustre shed  
O'er the mind's neglected waste ;

Greece—whose Heroes and whose Sages,  
Save of those inspired by heaven,  
Have, to all succeeding ages,  
The sublimest lessons given ;

Greece—thou lovely fairy-land  
Of our first and latest dreams,  
Whence, of all that's bright or grand,  
We derive our noblest themes ;

What we owe, fair Greece, to thee,  
By our gratitude is seen ;  
We have fought, and thou art free !  
Be again what thou hast been !

## THE AFRICAN DAUGHTER.

### A TRUE TALE.

AFTER a residence of several months in various parts of the United states of America, I passed the winter of 1809 in the town and neighbourhood of St. Mary, situated near the mouth of the river of the same name, at that time the south-eastern boundary of the Republic. I there became acquainted with a Mr. Mac Intosh, the proprietor of a small island within the confines of Florida, which he held under certain legal restrictions of the Spanish authorities at St. Augustine ; and in the improvement of which he had displayed a degree of talent and energy quite unexampled amongst the ordinary subjects of that supine and corrupt government.

Mr. Mac Intosh was a native of North America, and, notwithstanding his provisional engagement with colonial Spain, a most zealous citizen of the Union. He had had the advantage of a liberal education, for the acquisition of which he was early sent to Scotland, whence in due time he was transferred to the University of Oxford ; and at the period to which I have

referred, when he might have attained his fiftieth year, the polished manners of a gentleman and a love of literature still adhered to him despite of a long association with an uncultivated and motley population, and in the midst of a natural wilderness of a most rude and singular character.

I was easily induced, at a moment of leisure, to accept an earnest invitation from this gentleman to pass a week or two on his romantic estate ; and, after an interval of nearly twenty years, I still dwell with pleasure on the retrospection of that delightful excursion. We embarked in his light and airy canoe, partly covered by a solid arched awning, under which we reposed on leopard skins, spread over a hard mattress and bolster, in the full view of eight lusty negroes, who seemed to play with, rather than labour at, the oars, and who listened with rapturous attention to an occasional chant from the steersman seated behind us, evidently anxious for the termination of each stanza, when they were expected to lend their own stentorian voices to the general chorus. The happy ingenuous countenances of these faithful slaves afforded an unerring testimony of the humanity and good nature of my acquaintance, who seemed to take a benevolent delight in witnessing the cheerfulness of his humble dependants. A refined inquisition into the motives of conduct might perhaps have led to the suspicion that his humanity was not altogether dis-

interested. He was wholly in the power and at the mercy of his sable crew. We had, on the present occasion, embarked at the break of day, for the purpose of affording me an opportunity of viewing the beautiful scenery through which we had to wind our devious course ; but his solitary excursions for objects of business were most frequently performed in the dead of the night, when it was his habit to undress and sleep in his comfortable little cabin, where the vindictive hand of a helmsman, sweating under the oppression of a tyrannical master, could have readily reached him, and the peculiar circumstances of the country, constituting the boundaries of two independent sovereignties, and otherwise extraordinarily adapted for facilitating the escape of criminals, would have ensured liberty as well as impunity to the perpetrators of such an outrage. But the general character and conduct of my friend convinced me that his confidence of complete security rested upon the best foundations ; and that it was prudent and wise as well as generous and noble.

It would be inconsistent with my present design to attempt a description of the various interesting objects that attracted my attention during our circuitous passage, of many hours duration, to the island of Fort George. My previous transit from Savannah to St. Mary's, through the narrow intricate channels which disunite the numerous group, commonly known under



the appellation of the "Sea Islands," which supply to our most important manufactories the best quality of cotton wool, had already rendered me familiar with the general character of the scenery before me, although I had seen nothing on the coast of Georgia that could be compared with the beauties of this part of the Spanish territory. Perhaps, however, the principal charm of the whole consisted in the romantic wildness, solitude, and stillness of the vast forests, craggy cliffs, and profound clear sea, the brightness and genial warmth of the sky and atmosphere, the numbers, variety, and undaunted confidence of the winged and finny tribes above and below us; and that much of its interest will be lost to a mere lover of uncultivated nature at least, when in the course of time it shall be more effectually subjected to the active energies of our busy, intrusive, and turbulent species.

It is also beside my purpose to dwell on the localities and productions of my host's microscopic empire, an island of about three miles in length, and two broad, exclusively inhabited by his family, his dependants, and slaves, only partially cleared and cultivated, abounding with deer and smaller game, the resort of pelicans, alligators, and other interesting tenants of the air and water, specimens of which we are accustomed to behold with wonder in the repositories of exhibitors, or the glazed cases of museums.

The mistress of this isolated domain I found to be



a most amiable and well educated woman, the daughter of a general officer of reputation in the army of the States. Providence, which had endowed her with a cheerful and contented disposition, had denied her the blessing of children ; but the well minded couple had sought a compensation for this privation, by adopting as their own four or five orphan relatives ; to these they had added several of the offspring of their poor northern friends, who had eagerly lent themselves to Mrs. Mac Intosh's views of filling up the leisure of a useful and innocent life, by cultivating and directing in the paths of peace and virtue the flexible minds of those interesting objects of her benevolence.

A long residence in the West Indies had given me some insight into the general management of negro slaves, and my experience had certainly done nothing towards diminishing my abhorrence of a system which destroys the natural relations between man and man, and levels the dignified possessor of reason and the various amiable sympathies of humanity to the condition of the brute of the field. If the government of Mr. Mac Intosh could not reconcile me to the system itself, it at least presented it to my view in its most favourable aspect. Instead of leaving them exposed to the uncertain judgments or caprice of their master, he had been at the pains to institute a well devised code of laws, which regulated his own conduct as

well as theirs. These regulations appeared to me to be perfectly simple and intelligible, and, setting aside the difficulties inseparably connected with the principle, rigorously just. They exacted labour which was easy of performance, more so, indeed, than that of the free European peasant; rewarded meritorious exertion, and punished with a lenient hand wilful neglect or criminal disobedience: provisions were not omitted for the moral improvement and instruction of the people; and the odious libertinism common to slaves of all times and countries was checked by the introduction among them of the rite of marriage, together with proper safeguards for the due observance of its essential precepts.

I had sufficient opportunities of satisfying myself of the practical advantages of these and other salutary innovations upon the ordinary rules of slave government. The most perfect order, good humour, and confidence prevailed throughout the little community. Its chief had felt the laudable ambition of investing himself with the characters of the parent and friend, rather than the lord and tyrant, of his people; and the wisdom of his choice appeared in the superior success of his undertakings, as well as in the unequivocal marks of respect and attachment of which he was on all sides the happy and conscious object.

Of the black population, which I think amounted to three hundred, thus fortunately relieved of the

weightier links of their fetters, one woman particularly attracted my attention, less on account of the peculiar favour with which she was evidently regarded by her master and mistress, than the exceeding propriety of her unaffected manners, the elegance of her faultless form, and the placid dignity of her melancholy but mildly animated countenance. I have frequently seen female negroes whose regular features were wholly free from that deformity usually observed in the African race—the wide nostril and flat lip, the disagreeable mark of apparent vulgar stupidity ; but I had never before met with one who, in addition to this advantage, could boast of features so expressively benignant and so decidedly indicative of a clear and well regulated intellect.

She was a mother. The babe at her breast seemed to be the object of the most touching maternal tenderness ; but, superior to the ordinary selfishness of the uninstructed vulgar, the whole of her intercourse with the family on which she depended, as well as with her fellows in bondage, was replete with proofs that her heart was the depository of affections adapted to every variety of virtue and duty.

The history of this interesting person, a living evidence, despite of the revolting theory of the inconsistent Jefferson, of the moral capabilities of her unlucky race, could not be long concealed from any one. The stranger who was fortunate enough to

obtain a view of the singular community of which she was a prominent ornament felt himself irresistibly attracted to the subject ; and he found each of its members too eager to satisfy his curiosity to allow him even the credit of displaying his sensibility by a previous inquiry.

Hannah had at a very tender age been transferred from the horrors of a slave ship to the fostering care of her present owners, who were soon aware of her superior intelligence and merit, and accordingly treated her with more than a usual share of regard and consideration. Industrious, attentive, and grateful, the performance of the duties of her humble station was to her a source of exquisite pleasure, flowing both from a natural love of application, and the delight of witnessing the satisfaction her conduct afforded to her benefactors. Her readiness of conception and singular expertness increased each year the value of her services ; and her mistress condescended to instruct her in branches of education, such as reading, writing, and the more ornamental parts of housewifery, seldom accessible to the slave, as the best reward that could, under her circumstances, be bestowed for her meritorious diligence. These intellectual gifts necessarily raised her in the estimation of the whole community ; and they were so gracefully blended with her natural humility and sense of propriety, that her superior



attainments excited the pride and wonder, instead of the envy, of her fellow dependants.

Long after her arrival in America it happened that her master was attracted to a neighbouring port by the news of a recent importation from the Gold Coast, the extended cultivation of the estate requiring at the time the accession of a few additional hands. The individuals he was inclined to select belonged to one of the numerous tribes of the Mandingo nation ; but the supercargo refused to part with them unaccompanied by an elderly man of the same country, who had been uniformly rejected by the other planters, on account, principally, of his inflexible haughtiness of manner and ferocious appearance. He had held, it was reported, the rank of a chieftain ; and the innumerable cicatrices which intersected every part of his robust frame proclaimed, in unequivocal language, the character of his former occupations, while they excited a reasonable doubt of his fitness for the more peaceful pursuits of the field. Every one felt more disposed to shun than to burthen himself, at the expense of a pretty round sum, with a desperado of this description : but Mr. Mac Intosh, before coming to an ultimate decision, was desirous of communicating orally with the formidable negro, in the hope of reconciling him to his inevitable fate, by holding out the expectation of mild and generous



treatment. The few words elicited from him with exceeding difficulty were, however, quite unintelligible to the several interpreters employed upon the occasion ; and my friend was at length induced to avail himself of the assistance of Hannah, who had, on a former occasion, relieved him from a similar embarrassment. The girl was accordingly sent for ; but no sooner had she fixed her eyes on the miserable captive than, to the infinite surprise of the bystanders, she flew into his arms, and, during the passionate utterance of the most affecting exclamations, nearly overpowered him with her embraces and her tears.

The old warrior was her father ! Time, new connexions, accomplishments, and opinions had all been insufficient to efface his revered image from her memory, or to diminish the force of her filial love.

She had to recall to his mind numerous incidents of her youth and their common home before he was fully persuaded of her identity ; but her grateful attestations of the kindness and general humanity of her owners, and her fervent declarations of unqualified satisfaction with the lot assigned her by Providence in a strange land, although the recital sensibly affected, and even extracted tears from him, totally failed of their intended effect. Instead of exciting a wish to be numbered among the dependants of so virtuous a master, under whose protection he might hope to enjoy the society of a fond and dutiful child, he

evinced the strongest repugnance to the proffered service. In the course of the debate the dreadful truth came out. He had been treacherously entrapped by the villany of one of the numerous miscreants who had settled on the shores of his native country for the sole purpose of betraying into irredeemable bondage its confiding inhabitants: the hope of revenge, the dire indiscriminate revenge of a stern, implacable savage, had alone sustained him under the pressure of his heavy misfortune; but he had not contemplated the possibility of falling into the power of white men who could possess any claims upon his forbearance. To be received into a family to which he already felt himself deeply indebted was to frustrate his vindictive purpose, and was, therefore, viewed as the greatest calamity that could now befall him.

The avowal filled the soul of the agonized girl with conflicting passions. The desire of preserving the life, alleviating the sufferings, and securing the society of her degraded parent, contended with her duty and attachment to her employer, from whom she could not prevail upon herself to conceal the motives and character of so dangerous an inmate. Bedewed with tears, and bent to the ground, she alternately clasped the knees of each, and in moving strains of natural eloquence appealed to the paternal consideration of the one, and the humane feelings of the other. The generous planter, who felt that he had nothing to fear

besides the risk of burthening himself with an unprofitable servant, was at length induced to yield to her entreaties ; and, to the evident disappointment of the inexorable African, concluded his bargain with the slave merchant.

The work of the *new* negro, the usual designation of the plantation recruit, is always light : the palpable interest of the owner has uniformly suggested the necessity of securing the complete possession of his slave by very gradual approaches. The captive chief-tain was installed in a comfortable cabin, where his only sufferings were those which did not admit of relief, as they flowed exclusively from his own bitter reflections. Ample rations were assigned him ; and the gratified Hannah was indefatigable in her exertions, not only to minister to his comforts, but to allay the irritation of his intensely excited feelings. It was impossible, even for a savage, to resist the endearments of so amiable a creature. His more violent passions were by degrees, to all appearances, completely subdued ; but he sunk at the same time into a deplorable state of apathetic melancholy, which impaired his strength and health, and effectually precluded all prospect of deriving the least benefit from his services.

The industry of the daughter increased with the increasing indolence of the parent : she felt herself bound to supply his deficiencies ; and it was fre-

quently necessary to restrain her ardour to prevent her from suffering from too much exertion. More than a year was passed in this way. Moderate exercise would have benefited himself more than any one else; and with this view he was occasionally urged, although with caution, to engage in some light employment. These applications were fruitless; but he was not insensible to the mortification of depending upon the charitable forbearance of his principal, whose salutary directions he was conscious of violating by his wayward supineness.

The weekly rations were distributed to the negroes at the threshold of the magazine built on an elevated site near the edge of a cliff which projected over the sea. There was usually at the time of the issue a general assembly of the people, when Mr. Mac Intosh attended in person to inquire into their condition, and listen to their applications; but he had considerably abstained from insisting upon the appearance of the old Mandingo, whose allowance of provisions was delivered to his daughter. On one occasion, however, he suddenly presented himself to the surprise of every body, not with the humble deportment of a slave, or retaining the least trace of his former apathy, but with the proud reckless step of a warrior conscious of his strength, and accustomed to the respect and terror of his friends and foes. The awe-struck crowd gave way as he deliberately approached their common



master, whom he sternly addressed in words, as they were subsequently interpreted, nearly to the following effect :

“ Infamously wronged by an individual of your nation from the basest of motives, my feelings have been scarcely less tortured by your mistaken kindness. Defrauded of liberty, my mind at least remained unshackled until an unhappy fatality threw me into contact with a being, the possibility even of whose existence I had previously doubted—a white man possessed of honour and humanity interposed my long lost child between me and my just revenge, and left me nothing I could call my own save the horrors of the blackest despair. Who can count the pangs your obtruded benefits have cost me, or describe the bitterness of the bread you have forced upon my acceptance ? It was here, and here only that misery overtook me : I was comparatively happy under the cruel inflictions of treachery, and while chained to the walls of my dungeon. White man, farewell ! Reserve, henceforth, your well meant but pernicious charity for those who have not learnt, as I have, to consider it in the sight of the direst curse : the food of the enemies of my race has already for the last time contaminated my lips ! ”

A long pause succeeded this passionate and abrupt address : wildly glaring on the various objects around him, he at length snatched his child to his bosom,

and hastily casting her from him, rushed to the cliff, and precipitated himself into the sea. The distracted girl, loudly shrieking, fell almost at the same time, in the vain attempt to arrest his fearful progress. She was without much difficulty rescued from the abyss; but the body of her hapless sire was recovered only after he had breathed his last, as it appeared he had resolutely grasped some fixed substance at the bottom until life was completely extinguished.

The sensitive Hannah had only imperfectly recovered from all the consequences of this calamitous event two or three years after its occurrence, the period of my visit to Fort George. New affections had, however, gained entrance in her breast; and the faithful performance of the duties of a wife and parent had been rewarded with the usual consolations of virtuous conduct, while they usefully diverted her attention from the fruitless regrets of an unhappy daughter.

## THE STORM.

BY JOHN C. MERCIER, ESQ.

SEE the threatening clouds o'erhead  
Wide their airy pinions spread ;  
Darkly shrouding from the eye  
Golden sun and azure sky.  
Solemn twilight wraps the vale,  
Hardly breathes the sinking gale,  
Hush'd is every note of gladness,  
Looks of joy are turn'd to sadness,  
Nature pauses, silent, still,  
Conscious of impending ill !

Lo ! the lightning's vivid blaze  
Flashes through the gloomy haze.  
Hark ! o'er yonder mountain's brow  
Thunders roll on thunders now.  
Now their echoes ring afar  
Like the wind-borne shout of war ;  
Fainter now and fainter sighing,  
Like the moans of legions dying ;  
Now at length the murmur fails,  
Lost among the distant dales.

Hide ! for now descends the storm,  
Dusky as a locust swarm,  
Looking in its awful state  
Like the veil that curtains fate.  
On the mountain's craggy breast  
Now its deepening shadows rest.  
Fiercely brooding ere it sallies  
Bandit-like upon the valleys ;  
Now it moves, it sails, it sweeps  
Downward from the giant steeps !

Surely in this dreadful hour  
Demons lend the tempest power !  
As they urge the furious breeze  
Harvests ebb and flow like seas ;  
Here are vineyards whirl'd in air ;  
Forests lie uprooted there ;  
Here are barks and billows dashing,  
There are spires and towers crashing ;  
Mud-built shed and marble wall  
Heap on heap like chaos fall.

Shelter, shelter ! now the rains  
Burst upon the ravaged plains,  
As if God had once again  
Will'd to drown the sons of men.  
Pelting sleet and rattling hail  
Drive upon the burden'd gale ;



Rills unseen till now are pouring,  
Floods are swelling, torrents roaring,  
Flocks and herds are swept away,  
Huts and hamlets—where are they ?

Hush ! some mighty arm, at length,  
Binds the tempest in its strength ;  
'Tis the Great Jehovah's, lo,  
There he lifts his radiant bow.  
At the sign the lightnings cease,  
Muffled thunders sink to peace,  
Ruffian winds desist from railing,  
Watersprings on high are failing,  
Mists disperse, and earth once more  
Smiles as brightly as before.

## THE ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

BY MRS. PICKERSGILL,

AUTHORESS OF "TALES OF THE HAREM."

THE Sun in parting splendour set  
On mosque, and dome, and minaret ;  
And many a golden ruddy beam  
Lit up each pure and gushing stream ;  
And leaves and flowers were gemm'd with dew,  
Lavish'd on buds of every hue,  
Which like a fair Sultana's zone,  
Or coronal of Peri, shone.  
And in her own sequester'd bower,  
    Within the Harem's still retreat,  
Sitara, at that lovely hour  
    Of eve, had chosen her lonely seat ;  
For on embroider'd couches laid,  
Reclined the pensive Moslem maid.

In vain the beauteous woodbines wound,  
Like Love's light bonds, the casement round,  
Wafting their tribute of perfume,  
And laughing in their roseate bloom ;  
For all neglected lay her lute,  
Whose every moving strain was mute !

No longer was her buoyant song  
Borne by the southern breeze along,  
Nor flowers, nor lute, nor sparkling stream,  
Could woo her from Love's witching dream :  
Though close within her Harem bower,  
They deem'd her safe from Love's fond power,  
Yet in what deep sequester'd cell  
Will not the winged urchin dwell :  
For e'en within a flowery wreath  
Young Love his first fond vows may breathe ;  
And in bright emblem flowers declare  
Joy—absence—thralldom—hope—despair !

Perchance amidst those flowers he dwells,  
Nestling beneath the myrtle bells,  
And on its fragrance wafts a sigh  
While sunn'd beneath her radiant eye. ●  
And e'en those buds of crimson hue  
Breathe vows of love both pure and true,  
While the bright golden floweret bears  
His ever changing hopes and fears,  
And Beauty's type, the joyous rose,  
    Unfolds the soft and flattering tale,  
That her young cheek with lustre glows,  
    Which makes his vaunted bloom seem pale.  
Then may not her young bosom well  
Receive the vows those emblems tell ;  
And her dark downcast eyes reveal  
Thoughts which her tongue might else conceal?—

And why then from the garland's pride  
Does she those simple flowers divide,  
And place them pensively apart,  
As if some chord within her heart  
Vibrated ? Know amidst their bloom

Those purple buds of absence breathe,  
Which well might shed a passing gloom

O'er her fair brow. Did not the wreath  
Of fairy Hope from Spring's bright bowers  
Shine in those tufts of snowy flowers,  
Which, join'd with Memory's solace still,  
Shields Love's young buds from winter's chill.



## THE VIRGIN MARY'S EVENING SONG.

CHILD of beauty, brightness, power !  
Sleep, it is the evening hour !  
Sleep, though rude thy chamber round,  
Fear not, this is holy ground ;  
Viewless watchers hover here,  
Angel-bands are bending near.

Child of mystery and might,  
What can ail thee, babe, to-night ?  
Infant tender, pure, and pale,  
Rosebud delicate and frail.  
Ah ! I see upon thy brow  
Some uneasy feeling now ;  
And thy quiet falling tears  
Wake my heart's foreboding fears.

Child of high and holy love,  
Thou hast left thy bower above :  
Come, then, to an humbler nest,  
On thy mortal mother's breast ;

Wherefore still thy murmurs heard,  
Wherefore fluttering, timid bird,  
Is it my rude songs that break  
Dreams from which thou wouldst not wake ?  
Are the angel-hymns on high  
Softer than a mother's sigh ?

Child of heaven ! a lowlier lay  
It were meet for me to pay ;  
Gem of glory, fount of bliss,  
Borne upon a breast like this ;  
Holy as thou art and dear,  
May I love thee without fear ?  
Oh ! too beautiful thou art  
Thus to slumber on my heart ;  
Yet, while thus our arms entwine,  
Thou art mine—for ever, mine !

TO MARY,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY.

BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R. A.

OUR Wedding Day !—another stage,  
In full career, from Youth to Age,

We've travel'd on together ;  
Yet still Affection cheers the road,  
And helps to lighten every load  
That Time has laid on either.

And though by many a jolt apprized,  
Life's ways are not Macadamized,  
Or smooth as Wealth could make them ;  
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,  
We never felt the wish or will  
To shorten or forsake them.

Nor can we, Mary, justly say,  
Though neither quite so young or gay,  
As when cold Prudence spurning,  
We scamper'd forth for pleasure's sake,  
And Fortune thought to overtake,  
Or meet at every turning.

Nor can we say we're much the worse  
For such a long and anxious course,  
With Care still at our heels ;  
And such a household troop around  
As Hymen has too often found  
A drag upon his wheels.

'Tis true, we rarely dance or sing,  
Or bound with that elastic spring  
The steps of Youth discover ;  
But, had quadrilles not cut us out,  
Our dancing days, I make no doubt,  
We'd prove, were not yet over.

In times which Memory still enhances,  
Of good Scotch reels and country dances,  
On limb alert and supple,  
We tripp'd it gaily through the night,  
Nor thought it any great exploit  
To dance down thirty couple.

But now, amidst a stately throng,  
The grave quadriller glides along,  
With far more airs than graces ;  
Or unabash'd, while matrons stare,  
In giddy waltz the breathless fair  
Her whirling beau embraces.

Thy figure still preserves its grace,  
And still that charm is in thy face,  
As strong as first I found it ;  
The smile with sense and sweetness fraught,  
Which breaks through every cloud of thought,  
And spreads a sunshine round it.

Our bloom indeed is gone, and you  
Must own this more than mellow hue

Supplies its place but badly :  
The crow's feet too about the eyes  
Increase of late to such a size,  
They pucker there most sadly.

Some wrinkles too, we must allow,  
Have mark'd the tablet of the brow,  
And though they are but slight there,  
They show his hieroglyphic hand,  
And make us fully understand  
Old Time begins to write there.

Already he has clear'd the page,  
And stamp'd some characters of age,  
So plain that you may trace them ;  
He has thinn'd my locks, and turn'd to gray  
The few remaining ;—so I say  
A wig must soon replace them.

Some gentle hints too we've received,  
That years (if hints may be believed)  
In other points have press'd us ;  
Our beds seem harder than they were,  
And often "trifles light as air"  
Can ruffle and molest us.



At dinner we grow nice, and think  
Much more of what we eat and drink,  
Than we were wont when able  
To feast on every kind of food  
Which that great artist, Eustache Ude,  
Could put upon the table.

Of late too, quite in love with home,  
We seldom feel disposed to roam,  
The fireside seems so cosey ;  
But, when I fain would read at night,  
The candles give such wretched light,  
I'm sometimes rather dozey.

The print's, indeed, so bad in all  
Their books—the type's so very small—  
'Tis quite enough to vex one !  
The newspaper, I'm sure, supplies  
A task to try the best of eyes,  
Without a pair of *specs* on.

But not in us alone the change ;  
Through life and manners as we range  
The world around keeps moving :  
Follies increase, upon my word !  
And fashions now are so absurd,  
There's nothing that's improving.

Look to the Senate, Bar, or Stage,  
And say, does aught in this dull age  
Our early days resemble,  
When Pitt and Fox were each a star,  
When Erskine flourish'd at the bar,  
And Siddons play'd with Kemble?

The very seasons are no more  
The seasons that they were before,  
When you and I first knew them ;  
Our Summers now are short and cold,  
Our Winters so severe, the old  
Can hardly struggle through them.

Yet still no changes can destroy  
Our pleasures, while we thus enjoy  
The circle that's around us ;  
While in our children thus we find  
More comforts than we've left behind,  
Since Hymen's knot first bound us.

Nor let us gloom the little space  
We've yet to run, though in the race,  
We feel that Life is wasting ;  
Our lot we still have cause to bless,  
Since, as our cares, our hearts confess,  
Our love is quite as lasting.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD  
INFANT.

How can I weep ! the tear of pain  
Thy placid beauty would profane,  
Darken thy cheeks' unsullied snow,  
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh ! the breathing deep,  
My baby, might disturb thy sleep ;  
And thou, with that unclouded smile,  
Wouldst seem rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve ! when all around  
I hear a sweet unearthly sound ?  
The waving of my cherub's wings,  
The hymn my infant-angel sings.

Yet, lovely, tranquil as thou art,  
It was so cruel to depart,  
To close on me thy laughing eye,  
Unclasp thy little arms, and die !

But one hath whisper'd, Love ! to thee,  
" Suffer my child to come to me.  
Then, Saviour, meekly I resign  
My baby now for ever thine.

J.

## BACHELORS.

As lone clouds in autumn eves,  
As a tree without its leaves,  
As a shirt without its sleeves,  
Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,  
As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,  
As cucumbers without a bed,  
Such are bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,  
As things that have no business here,  
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,  
Such are bachelors.

When lo, as souls in fabled bowers,  
As beings born for happier hours,  
As butterflies on favour'd flowers,  
Such are married men.

These perform their functions high;  
They bear their fruit, and then they die,  
And little sprouts come by and by,  
So die married men.

But, ah ! as thistles on the blast  
From every garden bed are cast,  
And fade on dreary wastes at last,  
So die bachelors.

Then, Thomas, change that grublike skin,  
Your butterfly career begin,  
And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin  
To be a bachelor.

E. W. C.

THE END.

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C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.

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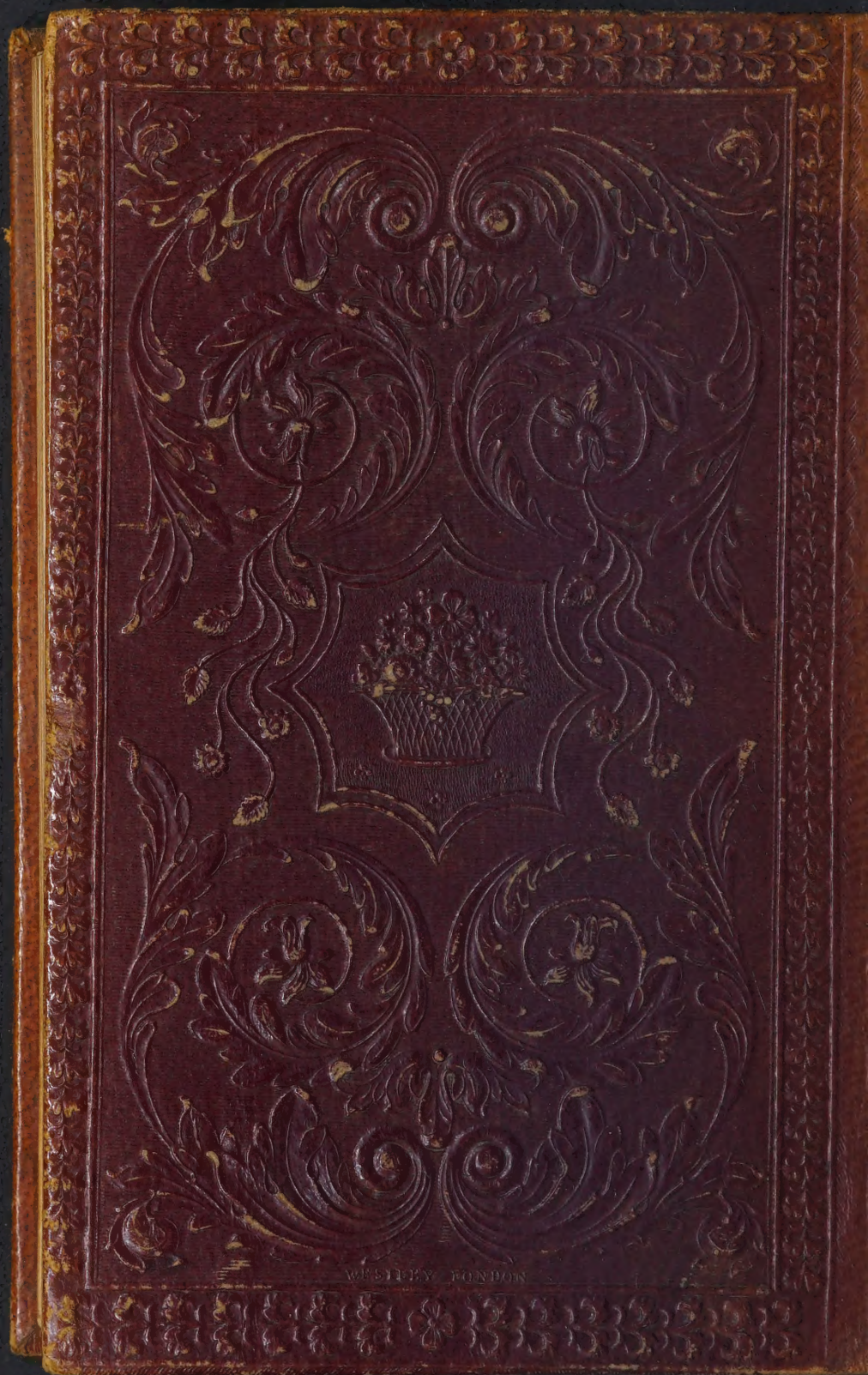
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